



AN ANTHOLOGY OF SCHOOL

AN ANTHOLOGY OF
SCHOOL : being a Selection of
English Poems on School, School-
boys and Schoolmasters, chosen and
edited, with Notes and an Intro-
duction, by C. S. HOLDER : :

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TO MY COLLEAGUES
AT CROYDON AND AT WORTHING
THIS BOOK IS WITH FRATERNAL GREETINGS
DEDICATED

INTRODUCTION

AMONGST all the Anthologies, general and particular, of the present time, it seems that there have been none so far dealing solely with the Poetry of School. There may be, perhaps, school teachers who, with the famous chapter upon the snakes of Iceland in mind, will suggest that the reason is obvious—nevertheless, culling here and there around the Schools, I have found pure poetry and unaffected pathos, burlesque and philosophy, not to speak of the famous songs which are the pride of our Public Schools.

The field widens as one explores, but it is hoped that no very well-known pieces have been omitted. The publishers, doubtless with the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in mind, have had to omit some quite excellent poems from considerations of space, but certain definite criteria have been kept in view. Not only the beauty of the poetry, as such, has been considered—it was desired also to include something representing every type of school, and every phase of school life, with some view of the reaction of their school-days upon our great poets.

One important topic, that of sport, has been omitted. With the exception of Rev. Cracroft Lefroy's charming sonnets, a clever parody of Walt Whitman, and the indispensable "Forty Years On," games are not represented, being a subject in themselves, and having, I believe, Anthologies of their own. Juvenile poetry, also, is only in special cases included, and, in deference to the feelings of mature undergraduates, I have excluded from a School Anthology the large crop of University Poetry.

But otherwise, I have gathered of all plants, "from the cedar of Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall": that is to say, from Eton and high Harrow to the little school beside the village green. The modern Council Elementary School is not as well represented as I should have liked; there certainly the poetry of life is less in evidence, and perhaps reasons are not so very far to seek. On the other hand, a large sheaf could have been gathered of "retrospects." We all, poets and wealthier men alike, have been through the schools, though only some of us have,

INTRODUCTION

for our sins, been caught and entangled in them for the rest of our lives—and the poet's retrospect is generally idealistic.

In such a collection as this, two names stand out as the interpreters in different styles of the life of School. Edward E. Bowen of Harrow will be ever famous for his swinging songs, known wherever old Harrovians foregather, and a sympathetic account of this "maker" will be found in the Rt. Hon. Viscount Bryce's "Studies in Contemporary Biography." William Johnson, who later took the name of Cory, of Eton, in quite other vein, is the laureate of the love of the master for his boys.

Let these men be our answer to the world, which, in poetry at least, is loth to own that we live for other ends than those of the ferulæ. I am sorry that the birchen tree waves its wands so frequently amid my leaves. Seemingly the mediæval, and the much later mind, regarded Grammar Schools as conjugating principally the verb "to punish"—active voice for the old, passive, more or less, for the young. Hasten the day when all may see that our striking improvements in education are every week less literal.

To the present generation it will be noted with interest how urgently that of Wordsworth and Southey was calling for State and compulsory education. Their cries have been answered: God grant their highest hopes may be realized.

Times change. The bearded old dominies have passed with the seemly-kirtled dames, somewhat to the impoverishment of poetry, nor any longer does the "whining schoolboy creep like snail, unwillingly to school." But the age-old problems remain: long ago enunciated in the ancient Chinese "Trimetrical Classic," they have still in these days, under throbbing aeroplanes and amid wireless waves, to be solved afresh by each of us, as new batches of five-year-olds come to us, with eyes wide open before the wonders of the world.

The work has been a labour of love for a beloved profession, in the hope that it may both interest and amuse that great fraternity and sisterhood, that I should very highly honour, even were I not blessed in being a member of it.

C. S. HOLDER

"Addiscombe,"
Bridge Road,
Worthing

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I
SCHOOL LIFE

AN ANTHOLOGY OF SCHOOL

§ I PUBLIC SCHOOL SONGS

DULCE DOMUM

Winchester School Song

Concinamus, O sodales !
Eja ! quid silemus ?
Nobile canticum
Dulce melos, Domum
Dulce Domum, resonemus.
Domum, Domum, Dulce Domum,
Domum, Domum, Dulce Domum,
Dulce, Dulce, Dulce Domum,
Dulce Domum resonemus.

Appropinquat ecce felix !
Hora gaudiorum ;
Post grave tedium
Advenit omnium
Meta petita laborum.
Domum, Domum, . . . etc.

Musa, libros mitte, fessa ;
Mitte pensa dura,
Mitte negotium,
Jam datur otium,
Me mea mettito cura.
Domum, Domum, . . . etc.

Ridet annus, prata rident ;
Nosque rideamus :
Jam repetit domum
Daulias advena ;
Nosque domum repetamus.
Domum, Domum, . . . etc.

Heus ! Rogere, fer caballos ;
Eja nunc eamus ;
Limen amabile,
Matri et oscula
Suaviter et repetamus,
Domum, Domum, . . . etc.

Concinamus ad Penates,
Vox et audiatur ;
Phosphore ! quid jubar,
Segnius emicans,
Gaudia nostra moratur ?
Domum, Domum, . . . etc.

ANONYMOUS

CARMEN ETONENSE

Eton College Song

Sonent voces omnium
 liliorum florem,
digna prosequentium
 laude Fundatorem !
Benefacti memores
 concinamus, qualis
in alumnos indoles
 fuerit regalis
Donec oras Angliae
 Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat, Etona !
 Floreat ! florebit.

Stet domus Collegii
 disciplinæ sedes,
donec amnis regii
 unda lambet ædes !
Crescat diligentia
 studium Musarum !
crescat cum scientia
 cultus litterarum !

Donec oras . . . etc.

Nostra sunt primordia
cum virtute pudor,
fides et concordia,
æmulusque sudor !
Jungat unus filios
amor erga Matrem !
cum magistris pueros
ut cum fratre fratrem !
Donec oras . . . etc.

Obsequamur regibus,
modo jungant reges
libertatem legibus,
libertati leges !
Lege sic solutior
leges amet certas,
sic pavendo tutior
nostra stet libertas !
Donec oras . . . etc.

Justam ludus vindicet
cum labore partem !
dulce foedus societ
cum Minerva Martem !
Sive causa gloriæ
pila, sive remus,
una laus victoriæ—
Matrem exornemus !
Donec oras . . . etc.

Mores Etonensibus
traditos colamus !
traditos parentibus
posterioris tradamus !
Posterique posteris,
quotquot ibunt menses,
tradtant idem seculis
carmen Etonenses.
Donec oras . . . etc.

A. C. AINGER

CARMEN SHIRBURNIENSE

Sherborne School Song

Olim fuit monachorum
Schola nostra sedes ;
Puer regius illorum
Fecit nos heredes ;
Hoc in posteros amoris
Grande dedit signum ;
Sonet ergo Fundatoris
Nomen laude dignum !
Vivat Rex Eduardus Sextus !
Vivat !

Ergo dum verenda mole
Cana perstat ædes,
Dum recenti gaudet prole
Monachorum sedes,
Stimulet certamen ludi
Suadeat laboris,
In sigillo sculptum rudi
Nomen Fundatoris.
Vivat Rex Eduardus Sextus !
Vivat !

ANONYMOUS

CARMEN SALOPIENSE

Shrewsbury School Song

Rex Edwarde, te canamus
Pium Fundatorem,
Nec, sodales, sileamus
Regiam sororem :
Mente prosequamur grata
Regem et reginam,
Fautricemque amœna prata
Resonent Sabrinam !
Floreat Salopia !

Non tacendumst hic priorum
Nobilem cohortem :

Plenam vitam huic honorum,
Pleniorem mortem :
Illi nec nomen turpis
Obruat rubigo
Qui humanæ docet stirpis
Unde sit origo
Floreat Salopia !

Ceteri dum magistrorum
Lugent breve fatum,
Fas iactare informatorum
Hic triumviratum .
Nostra tum iubente nympha
(Rudis forte si sis)
Exardebat Cami lympha,
Exardebat Isis.
Floreat Salopia !

Nimiis stipata turbis,
Annis plus trecenis,
Sedem schola liquit urbis
Imparem Camenis :
Nescit studium mutari,
Quique alumnos pridem,
Nominis amor præclari
Nos exercit idem.

Floreat Salopia !

Editique caro colle
Matri quam amamus
Arte, libro, remo, folle
Gloriam petamus :
Sic futuros hic per annos
Laus accumuletur,
Sic per ultimos Britannos
Nomen celebretur !

Floreat Salopia !

ANONYMOUS

VOTUM

Christ's Hospital Song

Unum concentum tollite
Læto, sodales, sono ;
Et vota Christo fundite
Nostræ domus Patrono.

Nostro favete carmini,
Amici quotquot estis,
Quos cura tangit Hospiti
Cæruleæque vestis.

Ut per priora sæcula,
Sic tempus in futurum,
Det fausta Deus omnia
Et Ipsum adjuturum.

Ne noceat concordiæ
Contentio proterva,
Neu tabes obsit corpori
Neu febrium caterva.

Mores honesti suppetant
Et utilis doctrina
Et litterarum gloria
Et recta disciplina.

Ludi viriles floreant,
Qui præbeant salutem
Fraterna per certamina
Et nutriant virtutem.

Sit in dies felicior
Vigore domus verno.
Et floreat, ut floruit,
Honore sempiterno.

W. HAIG BROWN

CARMEN REPANDUNENSE

Repton School Song

Salve, Regum sancta sedes,
Prisciæ pietatis ædes !
Qua Trivona, lapsu lento
Purior fluens argento,
Castra barbarorum lambit,
Prata, silvas, colles ambit.

Salve, Repandunum,
Te canemus unum,
Vita dum manebit.

Salve, Porta, pulchrum omen,
Fundatoris nostri nomen
Sine culpa confiteris ;
Quot alumnos contueris
Scholæ limen adeuntes
Per quot annos redeuntes !

Salve . . . etc.

Templum, splendidum trecentum
Stans annorum monumentum !
Aula, magni præceptoris,
Nostri novi fundatoris,
Nomen carum servatura
Posterisque traditura !

Salve . . . etc.

Intus Musæ sint colendæ,
Sacrae litteræ fovendæ ;
Linguæ novæ et antiquæ
Partem servent non inique ;
Adsis Clio, et Mathesis,
Nec, Natura Rerum, desis !

Salve . . . etc.

Ridet passim rus amœnum,
Cælum purum et serenum ;

Patent campi ludis apti,
Laudis hic amore capti
Omnes lacti concertabunt,
Fortiterque depugnabunt,

Salve . . . etc.

Tria sæcla post exacta,
Decem lustra sunt peracta,
Ex quo primum, Deo dante,
Spiritumque inspirante,
Est exorta nobis vita,
Flore novo redimita.

Salve . . . etc.

Floruit, floret, florebit,
Schola nostra ; permanebit
Mater alma iuventutis,
Fons doctrinæ, fons virtutis ;
Semper adsit tempus vernum,
Floreasque sempiternum !

Salve . . . etc.

J. E. SANDYS

MERC: SCISS: SCHOL: SYMBOLUM.

Merchant Taylors' School Song

Homo plantat, homo irrigat,
Sed dat Deus incrementum.
Homo plantat, homo fodit,
Prudens irrigat custodit.
Sed fovente, Deo prodit,
Prodit incrementum.

Semen parvum, parvum gramen,
Promit, majus deinde stamen ;
Post messoribus solamen,
Post solamen, fit frumentum.

Homo plantat, homo fudit,
Prudens irrigat custodit ;
Sed foente, Deo prodit,
Prodit incrementum.

Sit mens culta parvulorum.
Cultior sit seniorum ;
At Deus solus laborum,
At laborum, complementum.

Homo plantat . . . etc.

Auge vita nos divina,
Da profectum in doctrina
Nec Tuum, Deus declina,
Nec declina, tutamentum.

Homo plantat . . . etc.

ANONYMOUS

FLOREAT

Rugby School Song

Evoe ! læta requies
Advenit laborum ;
Fessa vult inducias
Dura gens librorum ;
Nunc comparata sarcina,
Nunc præsto sunt viatica,
Nos læta schola miserit,
Nos læta domus ceperit,
Æquales, sodales,
Citate, clamate,
Floreat, Floreat, Floreat Rugbeia !

Campi nostri grama
Trita jam quiescent,
Dein bimestri spatio
Læta revirescent
Sic se tandem refectura
Nostræ mentis est tritura,

Et rigor omnis diffluet,
Et vigor ortus affluet,
Ut choro sonoro,
Citemus, clamemus,
Floreat, Floreat, Floreat Rugbeia !

Illa vivat, operum
Strenua navatrix,
Et virtutum omnium
Unica creatrix ;
Illa regno cives bonos
Et honorum det patronos,
Det claros senatores,
Laureatos bellatores ;
Et donis, coronis,
Laudata, beata,
Floreat, Floreat, Floreat Rugbeia !

At si fatum omnes nos
Tanta vult conari
Hæcce saltem tempora
Fas sit otiali.
Nondum cancellarii
Sumus aut episcopi ;
Sic, fratres, gaudeamus,
In loco desipiamus,
Et choro sonoro,
Citemus, clamemus,
Floreat, Floreat, Floreat Rugbeia !

ANONYMOUS

FORTY YEARS ON

Harrow School Song

Forty years on, when afar and asunder
Parted are those who are singing to-day,
When you look back, and forgetfully wonder
What you were like in your work and your play,
Then, it may be, there will often come o'er you,
Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song—

Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along,
Follow up ! Follow up ! Follow up !
Follow up ! Follow up ! Follow up !
Till the field ring again and again
With the tramp of the twenty-two men—
Follow up ! Follow up !

Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,
Bases attempted, and rescued, and won,
Strife without anger, and art without malice,—
How will it seem to you, forty years on ?
Then, you will say, not a feverish minute
Strained the weak heart and the wavering knee,
Never the battle raged hottest, but in it,
Neither the last nor the faintest, were we !
Follow up ! Follow up ! Follow up !
Follow up ! Follow up ! Follow up !
Till the field ring again and again
With the tramp of the twenty-two men—
Follow up ! Follow up !

O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on !
How we discoursed of them, one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate !
Follow up ! Follow up ! Follow up !
Follow up ! Follow up ! Follow up !
Till the field ring again and again
With the tramp of the twenty-two men—
Follow up ! Follow up !

Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong !

God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty and thirty, and forty years on !
Follow up ! Follow up ! Follow up !
Follow up ! Follow up ! Follow up !
Till the field ring again and again
With the tramp of the twenty-two men—
Follow up ! Follow up !

EDWARD E. BOWEN

CARMEN CARTHUSIENSE

Charterhouse School Song

Læti laudate Dominum,
Fontem perrenem boni,
Recolentes Fundatoris
Memoriam Suttoni.

Omnes laudate Dominum,
Vos quibus singularia
Suttonis bona præbuit ;
Et domum et bursaria.

Senes, laudate Dominum,
Reddatis et honorem
Suttono, quibus requies
Paratur post laborem.

Pueri, laudate Dominum,
Quoscumque hic instituit
Suttonus bonis literis
Et pietate imbuit.

Ergo laudate Dominum,
Omnes Carthusiani,
Puerique rus amantes,
Et senes oppidani.

Læti laudate Dominum,
Surgate Choro sonus,
O FLOREAT ÆTERNUM
CARTHUSIANA DOMUS.

ANONYMOUS

UPPINGHAM SONG

Ages ago (as to-day they are reckoned)
 I was a lone little, blown little fag :
Panting to heel when Authority beckoned,
 Spoiling to write for the *Uppingham Mag.* !
Thirty years on seemed a terrible time then—
 Thirty years back seems a twelvemonth or so.
Little I saw myself spinning this rhyme then—
 Less do I feel that it's ages ago !

Ages ago that was Somebody's study ;
 Somebody Else had the study next door.
O their long walks in the fields dry or muddy !
 O their long talks in the evenings of yore !
Still, when they meet, the old evergreen fellows
 Jaw in the jolly old jargon as though
Both were as slender and sound in the bellows
 As they were ages and ages ago !

O but the ghosts at each turn I could show you !—
 Ghosts in low collars and little cloth caps—
Each of them now quite an elderly O.U.—
 Wiser, no doubt, and as pleasant—perhaps !
That's where poor Jack lit the slide up with tollies,
 Once when the quad was a foot deep in snow—
When a live Bishop was one of the Pollies—
 Ages and ages and ages ago !

Things that were Decent and things that were Rotten,
 How I remember them year after year !
Some—it may be—that were better forgotten :
 Some that—it may be—should still draw a tear.

More, many more, that are good to remember ;
Yarns that grow richer the older they grow :
Deeds that would make a man's ultimate Member
Glow with the fervour of ages ago !

Did we play footer in funny long flannels ?
Had we no Corps to give zest to our drill ?
Never a Gym lined throughout with pine panels ?
Half your best buildings were quarry-stones still ?
Ah ! but it's not for their looks that you love them,
Not for the craft of the builder below,
But for the spirit behind and above them—
But for the Spirit of Ages Ago !

Eton may rest on her Field and her River.
Harrow has songs that she knows how to sing.
Winchester slang makes the sensitive shiver.
Rugby had Arnold but never had Thring !
Repton can put up as good an Eleven.
Marlborough men are the fear of the foe.
All that I wish to remark is—thank Heaven
I was at Uppingham ages ago !

E. W. HORNUNG

CARMEN MARLBURIENSE

Marlborough School Song

Libros ! Chartas ! aufer talia !
Vos salvete Saturnalia !
Sortes hodie permutentur :
Qui docebant jam docentur !
Adeste qui vocales !
Eamus O sodales !
Sequamur frater fratrem,
Canentes Almam Matrem.

Vivat vis Pedariorum
Vivat Undecimvirorum !
Folle, pila, seu tormento,
Civitati propugnanto !

Adeste qui, etc.

Centum lustra sic perdura
Docta, sana, fortis, pura !
Salve, flore, tot piorum
Cara Mater filiorum !

Adeste qui, etc.

Nunc et antiquam silemus,
Pleno corde propinemus :—
Da memoriae priorum !
Da splendoris venturorum !

Adeste qui, etc.

C. W. MOULE

THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL

Clifton College Song

From "Poems New and Old"

It's good to see the School we knew,
The land of youth and dream,
To greet again the rule we knew
Before we took the stream :
Though long we've missed the sight of her
Our hearts may not forget ;
We've lost the old delight of her,
We keep her honour yet.

*We'll honour yet the School we knew,
The best School of all :
We'll honour yet the rule we knew,
Till the last bell call.
For, working days or holidays,
And glad or melancholy days,
They were great days and jolly days
At the best School of all.*

The stars and sounding vanities
That half the crowd bewitch,
What are they but inanities
To him that treads the pitch ?

And where's the wealth, I'm wondering,
Could buy the cheers that roll
When the last charge goes thundering
Beneath the twilight goal ?

The men that tanned the hide of us,
Our daily foes and friends,
They shall not lose their pride of us,
Howe'er the journey ends.
Their voice, to us who sing of it,
No more its message bears,
But the round world shall ring of it
And all we are be theirs.

To speak of Fame a venture is,
There's little here can bide,
But we may face the centuries,
And dare the deepening tide :
For though the dust that's part of us
To dust again be gone,
Yet here shall beat the heart of us—
The School we handed on !

We'll honour yet the School we knew,
The best School of all :
We'll honour yet the rule we knew,
Till the last bell call.
For, working days or holidays,
And glad or melancholy days,
They were great days and jolly days
At the best School of all.

HENRY NEWBOLT

§ 2 SCHOOLS LITTLE AND BIG

AN ANGLO-SAXON SCHOOL

From "A Colloquium"

Aelfric was Abbot of Cerne, and later of Ensham, in the latter part of the tenth century. His "Colloquium" was a school-book of Latin dialogues with interlinear English translations. It gives valuable information of the manners and life of his times. The present translation is by Arthur F. Leach, from "Educational Charters and Documents."

BOYS : "Master, we children ask you to teach us to speak correctly, for we are unlearned and speak corruptly."

MASTER : "What do you want to say?"

BOYS : "What do we care what we say so long as we speak correctly and say what is useful, not old-womanish or improper?"

MASTER : "Will you be flogged while learning?"

BOYS : "We would rather be flogged while learning than remain ignorant; but we know that you will be kind to us and not flog us unless you are obliged."

MASTER : "I ask you what you were saying to me. What work have you?"

1ST BOY : "I am a professed monk and I sing seven times a day with the brethren, and I am busy with reading and singing; and meanwhile I want to learn to speak Latin."

MASTER : "What do these companions of yours know?"

1ST BOY : "Some are ploughmen, others shepherds, some are cowherds, some too are hunters, some are fishermen, some hawkers, some merchants, some shoemakers, some salters, some bakers of the place."

(The master goes off into a discussion about crafts and the virtue of work, but when he asks how they like his talk, he is pulled up!)

BOYS : "We like it very much, but what you say is too deep for us, and is beyond our age. But talk to us in a way we can follow so that we may understand what you are talking about."

MASTER : "Well, I ask you why you are learning so diligently?"

BOYS : "Because we do not want to be like beasts, who know nothing but grass and water."

" But talk to us so that we can understand, not so profoundly."

MASTER : " Well, I will do what you ask. You, boy, what did you do to-day ? "

BOY : " I did many things. At night when I heard the bell, I got out of bed and went to church and sang the nocturne with the brethren. Then we sang the martyrology and lauds ; after that, prime and the seven psalms with litany and the first mass ; next tierce, and did the mass of the day ; after that we sang sext, and ate and drank and slept ; and then we got up again and sang nones, and now here we are before you ready to listen to what you tell us."

MASTER : " When will you sing vespers or compline ? "

BOY : " When it's time."

MASTER : " Were you flogged to-day ? "

BOY : " I was not, because I was very careful."

MASTER : " And how about the others ? "

BOY : " Why do you ask me that ? I daren't tell you our secrets.

Each one knows whether he was flogged or not."

MASTER : " Where do you sleep ? "

BOY : " In the dormitory with the brethren."

MASTER : " Who calls you to nocturnes ? "

BOY : " Sometimes I hear the bell, and get up ; sometimes my master wakes me with a ground-ash."

MASTER : " All you good children and clever scholars, your teacher exhorts you to keep the commandments of God, and behave properly everywhere. Walk quietly when you hear the church bells, and go into church, and bow to the holy altars, and stand quietly and sing in unison, and ask pardon for your sins, and go out again without playing, to the cloister or to school."

AELFRIC

A HEBREW SCHOOL

From " Turn Again "

The story comes from the Talmud. Baring-Gould's own note is as follows : " I have taken some liberties with this tale. In its original form it is as follows : Meir and the apostate enter the school. Then said Elisha to the nearest lad, ' Repeat your lesson.' The boy replied in the words of Isaiah lvii, 21. Elisha asked the second, and he repeated Psalm l. 16 ; then he rushed from the school. But Meir went after him with the words, ' Thou leadest men to destruction ;

again thou sayest, Turn again, ye children of men' (Psalm xc. 3). Then Elisha burst into tears and died. After his burial an uneasy flame danced over his grave; but Rabbi Meir laid it by repeating over the tomb the words of Ruth iii. 13."

(Elisha ben Abuja was a Hebrew Rabbi who apostatized and left the faith, taking the name of Acher. Only his disciple Meir remains faithful to him, and on a Sabbath walk begs of his master to "Turn again." The scholar, though sad and willing, repeats that it is too late, and that his soul is lost.)

Then cried the pupil, with distilling tear,
" O listen but one moment, master dear !
Here is a school, come with me through the door,
And hear the boys repeat the sacred lore
That they have learn'd ; perchance, some word may be
Levell'd with hopeful promise, ev'n at thee."
Then Acher from his saddle leapt, awhile
Stood at the school door, with a mournful smile
Upon his lips. But Meir, he entered in,
And elder boys addressing, said, " Begin,
Recite the lessons ye this day have learned,
Each in your order, and in order cease."
Then to the tallest of the scholars turned,
Who spake, " Thus saith my God : There is no peace
Unto the Wicked."

So the shadow fell

Deeper upon the apostate's soul. " Ah ! well,
Thou second scholar," said Meir, with his rod
Pointing. He answered, " Master, thus saith God,
Why dost thou preach My laws, and wherefore take
My statutes in thy mouth, My law to break,
And cast My words behind thee ? "

Then a moan

Escaped him standing on the threshold stone,
And Meir who heard it, with a faltering hand
Marked out a third. Then answered him the boy :
" False tongue that speakest lies, God shall destroy
Thee from thy dwelling ! from the living land
Shall root thee out ! "

A loud and bitter cry
Burst from the apostate, and with haggard eye,

And staggering feet he turned him feebly round
To leave, and caught the doorpost,—to the ground
Else had he fallen. Then a little child
Came bounding up—the youngest boy—and smiled
And said : “ I know my lesson, master ; let me run
Forth to the butterflies, the flowers, the sun ! ”
And so to Acher, in a chanted strain,
Repeated timidly, with bated breath :

“ He bringeth to destruction. Then He saith,
Children of men, I bid you—TURN AGAIN ! ”
Lo ! when these words sank down on Acher’s ears,
Forth from his heart leaped up a rush of tears,
And stretching forth his hands, as he did yearn
For something, with a glitter on his cheek,
Sobbing, and struggling in distress to speak,
Gasped forth at last—“ I will, I will return ! ”

S. BARING-GOULD

REPTON

Repton, from A.S. Repandunum = Hill of Reaping. It was the capital of Mercia, and here the bodies of King Ethelbald (d. 755), and other kings and nobles, were buried in the nunnery, later destroyed by the Danes. In 1172 was founded the Priory, of which the remaining buildings were incorporated into Repton School.

Where staid and silver Trent
Once wound, in deep indent,
By these rich fields that Hotspur claimed and won,
Where kings and warriors keep,
In dust, an age-long sleep
With royal saints, their day of penance done.

How far our fame appears
Among the dim-orbed years !
First flame and smoke ; then choir and vesper bell,
Still strife ! but peace at length,
Till Learning came, and Strength,
(But Learning first) and all things ordered well.

Glad Hill of Reaping, dear
To all who, brethren here,
Pass in and out by Priory, Arch, and Hall :
Your glory shall endure,
If hand and heart be pure,
If each but lend himself to stablish all !

Ah, pure and golden gleam
Of harvest—'tis no dream—
The garnered grain of virtue, honour, truth ;
The harvest, yet the seed
Of many a gracious deed :—
Speed and be spent, O freedom-nurtured Youth !

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

SIR JOHN HE WAS A FAITHFUL KNIGHT

Sir John Porter, founder of Repton School, who died in 1557

Sir John, he was a faithful knight,
Who lived when might was counted right,
When ev'ry man aspired to fight
 A foe if he could find him :
But old Sir John abjured the fray,
And chose a less aggressive way
 To leave a name behind him.

Old Sir John ! jolly Sir John !
Gallant Sir John, you are dead and gone :
Yet in your name, telling your fame,
 The School of your founding still goes on.

He looked and saw a village green,
A place where Prior and Monk had been,
And so, therein a fitting scene
 For his design discerning,
What time his quiet days were spent,
He left beside the silver Trent
 A seat of sober learning.

Old Sir John ! . . . etc.

He said, " These cloistered courts shall see
My Repton boys, in days to be,
Go forth, a goodly company,
The sons of my foundation,
To enter in the lists of life,
And serve, in lines of peace or strife,
Their God, and King, and nation."
Old Sir John ! . . . etc.

So be it ours our Founder's will
With loyal purpose to fulfil,
Resolved, while yonder standard still
Floats in the breeze before us,
To stand in all we say or do
To him and his traditions true,
And sing our thanks in chorus.
Old Sir John ! . . . etc.

A. H. J. C.

LYON, OF PRESTON, YEOMAN, JOHN

From the Harrow School Song Book

John Lyon, founder of Harrow School in 1571, obtained its Charter from Queen Elizabeth.

Lyon, of Preston, yeoman, John,
Many a year ago,
Built, on the hill that I live on,
A school that you all may know ;
Into the form, first day, 'tis said,
Two boys came for to see ;
One with a red ribbon, red, red, red,
And one with a blue,—like me.

Lyon, of Preston, yeoman, John,
Lessons he bade them do ;
Homer, and multiplica-ti-on,
And spelling, and Cicero ;
Red Ribbon never his letters knew,
Stuck at the five times three,
But Blue Ribbon learnt the table through,
And said it all off—like me !

Lyon, of Preston, yeoman, John,
Said to them both, " Go play "—
Up slunk Red Ribbon all alone,
Limped from the field away ;
Blue Ribbon played like a hero's son,
All by himself played he,
Five " runs up " did he quickly run,
And Bases got five,—like me !

Lyon, of Preston, yeoman, John,
All in his anger sore,
Flogged the boy with the Red ribbon,
Set him the Georgics four :
But the boy with the Blue ribbon got, each week,
Holidays two and three,
And a prize for sums, and a prize for Greek,
And an alphabet prize,—like me.

Lyon, of Preston, yeoman, John,
Died many years ago,
All that is mortal of him is gone,
But he lives in a school I know !
All of them work at their football there,
And work at their five-times-three ;
And all of them, ever since that day, wear
A ribbon of blue,—like me !

EDWARD E. BOWEN

QUEEN ELIZABETH SAT ONE DAY

From the Harrow School Song Book

Queen Elizabeth sat one day,
Watching her mariners rich and gay,
And there were the Tilbury guns at play,
And there was the bold sea rover ;
Up come Lyon, so brisk and free,
Makes his bow, and he says, says he,
" Gracious Queen of the land and sea,
From Tilbury Fort to Dover—"

" Marry, come up," says good Queen Bess,
" Draw it shorter, and prose it less ;
Speeches are things we chiefly bless
When once we have got them over :
SPENSER carries you well along,
And the SWAN OF AVON is rich in song—
Still, we have sometimes found them long,
I and the bold sea rover ! "

" Queen," he says, " I have got in store,
A beautiful school from roof to door ;
And I have a farm of acres four,
And a meadow of grass and clover :
So may it please you, good Queen B.,
Give me a charter, firm and free ;
For there is Harrow, and this is me,
And that is the bold sea rover ! "

" Bad little boys," says she, " at school
Want a teacher to rede and rule ;
Train a dunce, and you find a fool—
Cattle must have their drover :
By my halidome, I propose
You be a teacher of verse and prose—
(What's a halidome, no one knows,
Even the bold sea rover !) "

" And this is my charter, firm and free
This is my royal, great decree—
Hits to the rail shall count for three,
And six when fairly over :
And if any one comes and makes a fuss
Send the radical off to us,
And I will tell him I choose it thus,
And so will the bold sea rover ! "

EDWARD E. BOWEN

THE OLD BATH ROAD

Strong and true, on its western stages,
 Girt by down-land and tree-clad hill,
Strong and true, as in bygone ages,
 The old Bath Road fares onward still.
And strong and true, the young with the older,
 Stands the School, our youth's abode,
Side by side, and shoulder to shoulder,
 Guarding the flanks of the old Bath Road.

Old Bath Road, you have conquered regions,
 Fenced with forest and sunk in swamp ;
Rung 'neath the tramp of Roman legions,
 Borne the pageant of Norman pomp.
But to-day from city and town and shire
 Hither you bring to your cherished school
Youth, that may learn the things that are higher
 Than Norman splendour and Roman rule.

You've sped the guests to the grand approaches
 Of the queenly countess's¹ garden-glade ;
Borne the freight of Bath-bound coaches,
 Ruffling gallant and winsome maid.
But never merrier song and laughter,
 Never the voice of truer joy
Have you heard ere now, or shall hear hereafter,
 Than rings from the lips of the Marlborough boy.

Onward go, without check or turning ;
 School of manhood and King's highway ;
Speed the commerce and spread the learning,
 That Britain trusts to your charge to-day.
Greater ever and grander glory
 Still than aught that the past bestowed
Shall be your share in our country's story,
 Marlborough School and Old Bath Road.

C. L. F. BOUGHEY

¹ " Queenly countess " : Mr. Boughey writes : " She was Countess of Hertford, who presided at the old house (the original building of the School) in the first half of the eighteenth century. She fancied herself as a patroness of poetry, especially the artificial poetry of the period. Her chief protégées were Thomson, Isaac Watts, and ' Duck,' the ' Thresher Poet.' Thomson dedicated ' Spring ' to her. She was afterwards Duchess of Somerset."

ALL ABOARD !

The signal's down ! away we'll start ;
One night and off we go ;
At last the best of friends must part
Good-bye, old Marlboro' !
We all must go in turns, my lads ;
We can't keep standing still,
Like the old White Horse that pads and pads
Up there on Granham Hill.

Old Grandpapa he trundled home
All in his chaise and pair ;
Its train to-day and motor-car,
And soon we'll go by air ;
It doesn't matter how you go
Provided you get there,
And we're all going home—in the morning.

Ay, off we go, for time and tide
Have stayed for no man yet ;
Off on the morning ebb we'll ride,
To go, not to forget :
For Auld Lang Syne shall warm like wine
Our hearts where'er we go,
In woe or weal, with hoops of steel
Grappled to Marlboro' .

Old Grandpapa . . . etc.

We've done our Prep., we've learnt our Rep.,
We know, we can't forget
The Scrums we've screwed, The Brews we brewed,
The Sweats that we did sweat ;
Green Martinsell, the Court, the Bell,
The Lime-trees' double row,
Deep in our soul is writ the scroll—
Good-bye old Marlboro' !

Old Grandpapa . . . etc.

And when to Marlboro', old and worn,
We wander back like ghosts,
And see some rascal now unborn,
Run in between the posts.

Ah, then we'll cry, thank God, my lads,
The Kennet's running still,
And see, the old White Horse still pads
Up there on Granham Hill.
Old Grandpapa . . . etc.

JOHN BAIN

THE SCOTCH MARLBURIAN

O Marlborough she's a town o' towns,
Ye maun say that an' mair,
Ye that hae trod on her green downs,
An' snuffed her Wiltshire air.
A weary road ye'll hae to tramp,
Afore ye match the green
O' Savernake an' Barbury camp,
An' a' that lies atween.

An' hark the lav'rocks how they sing
Ower Four Mile Clump an' a' !
Eh ! man, ye should climb there in spring
An' hear the peewits ca'.
Bide still, an' here ye'se see the hare
Steal down yon grassy furr ;
Tread on the bit o' bracken there
Ye'se hear the paitricks ¹ birr.

Or gang your lane ² by Martinsell,
Ayont the forest trees,
An' hear the tinkling o' the bell
Come floating on the breeze,
Up where the horse, sae white an' still,
Stan's dreamin' his lang dream,
An, frae his stance on Granham Hill
Looks down on Kennet's stream.

Ay, Marlborough she's our town o' towns,
We will say that an' mair,
We that hae linked alang her downs
An' snuffed her Wiltshire air.

¹ " Paitricks " : partridges.

² " Your lane " : alone.

It's roun' the warld ye'll hae to tramp,
Afore ye match the green
O' Savernake an' Barbury Camp,
An' a' that lies atween.

JOHN BAIN

HURRAH FOR THE BLUE

Christ's Hospital, the "Bluecoat School," founded by Edward VI. It is often forgotten that a girls' school is part of the foundation, and is now situated at Hertford.

In the far distant days when the Tudor bore sway,
And a dead past in ruins was crumbling away,
Rose the home of the Blue, as the Phoenix of old
From the funeral ashes ere yet they were cold.
Like a well nourished sapling as seasons roll'd by
It struck its roots deeper, its summit rose high,
Till the good seed once planted at Edward's command,
With wide-spreading branches o'er-shadowed the land.

Hurrah for the Blue ! 'tis the ensign of youth,
'Tis the symbol of hope, 'tis the emblem of truth,
And may we, one and all, to our colour be true,
And maintain still untarnished the fame of the Blue !

And for ages and ages that bountiful shade
Has faithfully nourish'd the youth and the maid,
Till their sinews were strong for the toil of the strife,
And their courage was high for the battle of life.
And there too in lavish profusion unroll'd
Goodly treasures of learning more precious than gold ;
Have lur'd on the student to win him a name,
And to gain him a niche in the temple of Fame.

Hurrah for . . . etc.

But though proudly we reckon our brothers among
Men foremost in art and in arms and in song,
Yet a far better boast in the thousands we find,
Who have done honest service for God and Mankind.

Then all honour to Edward, the King and the boy,
He has earned him a glory no time can destroy ;
Let us circle his brow with a wreath all his own,
A garland more splendid than conqueror's crown.

Hurrah for . . . etc.

W. HAIG BROWN

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

(Uppingham)

The summer came, a floating song
Upon a sea of gold.
The sun-thoughts ran along the slopes,
And settled where they would.
And somewhere up, far in the sky,
In happy angel play,
The gates of bliss have lifted been,
And flooded all the day.

And know ye not where round about
The summer's mystic well
The Hours are brought to drink at morn,
At eve come back to dwell.
Youth starts at dawn, and oft again,
Returning, thinks to find
The merry little fool he left
In days long past, behind.

Lo, where three hundred years have crowned
Its grey, old, honoured head,
Just as a mountain rivulet
Clasped in a stony bed,
The school-house sees from hour to hour
The schoolboys' rippling feet,
With laugh, and song, and quip, and jest,
Go hurrying down the street.

Deep pools there are, where that bright stream
All calm and open lies,
When silent faces catch a gleam
Of God from out the skies ;

And ever 'midst the kneeling ranks,
Some hero in Christ's name
Draws secret breath, and sees o'erhead
Christ's living banner flame.

Still like a mountain rivulet,
Clasped in its stony bed,
Flow through these walls from hour to hour
The schoolboys' rippling tread ;
And youth and age still love to meet
Round Summer's mystic well,
Where age grows young, and youth rings out
A joyous passing bell.

EDWARD THRING

THE MUSES' HILL

From the Harrow School Song Book

Heroes angelic on Hœmus and Helicon,
All, all are dead ;

Where shall our mountain, where shall our fountain
Be now instead ?

How it confuses—sang the nine Muses—
Our poor, dead head !

We must go roaming, from dawn to the gloaming—
So they all said.

The Alps and the white Himalayas
Are all very pleasant to see ;

But of right little, tight little, bright little hills
Our Harrow is highest, say we.

Caucasus, Teneriffe, Ararat, any reef
Seeking went they ;

Right to the Andes and Juan Fernandez,
A very long way !

Dhawalagiri would be very dreary
On a wet day ;

Nor could an Apennine make us a happy nine—
So they did say.

The Alps . . . etc.

Here there were ravages often of savages ;
There snakes with stings ;
One was too old for them, one was too cold for them,
One had no springs ;
This was too dry for them, that was too high for them,
Not having wings ;
Some were too hot for them, none the right spot for them,
Poor, dear old things !

The Alps . . . etc.

Wearied with wandering, puzzled with pondering,
Then they came here ;
This is their mountain, though as to their fountain
That's not so clear ;
But what just as nice is, there's Fuller's with ices
And ginger beer ;
And now to the Muses, no hill that they use is
One half so dear.

The Alps . . . etc.

JAMES ROBERTSON

PULL !

Sherborne

Now let the organ with deep-breathing bellows,
Pant out in thunder a welcome to all,
Sons of one Mother, and gallant good fellows,
Sworn to her service and come to her call ;
Grey and bald-headed, moustachioed and shaven
Into her thirsty heart drop like the rain,
All of one mind, whereon one thought is graven,
Twelve score uniting to shout the refrain—

Pull all together, and pull with a will !
There's life and there's lift in the old boat still !
Pull !

Words may be whispered not strictly veracious,
Foes league together her flag to decry ;
Here is the cure that will prove efficacious—
String up the lyre, and live down the lie !

Seems she to settle low down in the water,
Blown by foul weather on shallows and flats,
Stabbed in the hull where a hidden reef caught her,
There's but one tar for her timber, and that's—

Pull all together, and pull with a will !
There's life and there's lift in the old boat still !
Pull !

O the dear days when in paths problematic
Roaming with Euclid we paused at the Pons,
Stumbled in Greek, as we clomb to the Attic,
Triumphed or failed in our Prose and our Cons,
Dared the high leader, or fought with the Forwards,
Learned all and loved all that makes for a man !
She that did this for us—shall she drift shorewards ?
Not if we know it, or help her we can !

Pull all together, and pull with a will !
There's life and there's lift in the old boat still !
Pull !

ANONYMOUS

FONS LIMPIDUS

Sherborne

"*Fons Limpidus*" or "*Fons Clarus*," is latinized from the A.S. scire burn—the clear stream—whence Sherborne. It was the scene of much fighting in the Danish wars, and in 705 was made the seat of a bishopric, with Aldhelm for its first bishop. King Alfred is said to have been educated at the monastic school here (see "*King Alfred O.S.*"). The castle was captured and destroyed by Fairfax in 1645.

O shrine of the crystal water-spring, name renowned
When Saxon and Dane strove mightily which should win,
Once Queen of the West, and once by a king re-crowned,
Almost with the birth of England didst thou begin :
And hard on a thousand summers had o'er thee rolled,
Ere Cromwell asunder shattered thy Norman hold :
O Sherbourne, won from the wilderness—who knows when ?
For the days that are past we bless thee, Mother of men.

What though thy cloisters have echoed to Saints and Kings,
And Ealdhelm loved thee, and Alfred about thee played,
From heroes perished a seed as of heroes springs ;

Thy crown is a crown of youth, and it doth not fade :
And musing on many, thy later-born, through thee
From fetters of self or of craven fear set free,
Made holy of heart, and famous with sword or pen—
For the days that are now we bless thee, Mother of men.

We shrink from the future, sigh for the past, but thou—

No passion can shake thee, or mar thy dauntless mien ;
Thy present and past alike an eternal Now ;

As blossom to bud, what shall be to what hath been :
A sheaf of summers to us, and the tale is told ;
A thousand to thee—thou reapest a thousandfold :
Immortal amidst our three score years and ten,
For the ages to be we bless thee, Mother of men.

JAMES RHOADES

IN SCHOOL-YARD

Eton College

Snow underfoot ; and outlined white and soft

Statue and plinth and cornice, where the grim

Vast buttresses troop westward, towering dim,
So cold, so comfortless ; the air aloft

Yawns into blackness ; but below, the bright

Barred casements strike a blow upon the air,

And busy voices hum and murmur there

Of boys who hardly guess their heart is light.

And yet, alone and sad, I hear a voice

That chides me, yearning for that thoughtless bliss,

Amid dark walls that loom, chill airs that freeze.

Oh ! dear and hidden Father, grant me this,

When in dark ways Thou leadest me, to rejoice

Because in light and joy Thou leadest these.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

TO ETON

Mother of men, my mother, fair and free,
And gracious—and shall I, thy servant, raise
Faint voice to swell thy immemorial praise ?
Eton, whose mightiest sons are bold to be
Thy champions, and thy humblest children's plea
For greatness, is thy greatness. Time that lays
Hard hands on camp and castle, smiles and stays
His ruinous course to crown and quicken thee.

Some vast unshaken spirit seems to brood
Among thy halls, beside thy silver stream,
Old as old time, and young as yesterday,
Which to thy teeming sons doth hourly say,
“ High be thy hope, my child, and pure thy dream,
Laugh and be glad—have leisure to be good ! ”

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

ETON

Written for the four hundred and fiftieth Anniversary in 1891
The historical references are to Henry VI, the founder, and to the Wars of the Roses.

I

Four hundred summers and fifty have shone on the meadows of
Thames and died
Since Eton arose in an age that was darkness, and shone by his
radiant side
As a star that the spell of a wise man's work bade live and ascend
and abide.

And ever as time's flow brightened, a river more dark than the
storm-clothed sea,
And age upon age rose fairer and larger in promise of hope set free,
With England Eton her child kept pace as a fostress of men to be.

And ever as earth waxed wiser, and softer the beating of time's wide wings
Since fate fell dark on her father, most hapless and gentlest of star-crossed kings,
Her praise has increased as the chant of the dawn that the choir of the noon outsings.

II

Storm and cloud in the skies were loud, and lightning mocked at the blind sun's light ;
War and woe on the land below shed heavier shadow than falls from night ;
Dark was earth at her dawn of birth as here her record of praise is bright.

Clear and fair through her morning air the light first laugh of the sunlit stage
Rose and rang as a fount that sprang from depths yet dark with a spent storm's rage,
Loud and glad as a boy's, and bade the sunrise open on Shakespeare's age.

Lords of state and of war, whom fate found strong in battle, in counsel strong,
Here, ere fate had approved them great, abode their season and thought not long :
Here too first was the lark's note nursed that filled and flooded the skies with song.

III

Shelley, lyric lord of England's lordliest singers, here first heard Ring from lips of poets crowned and dead the Promethean word Whence his soul took fire, and power to outsoar the sunward soaring bird.

Still the reaches of the river, still the light on field and hill, Still the memories held aloft as lamps for hope's young fire to fill, Shine, and while the light of England lives shall shine for England still.

When four hundred more and fifty years have risen and shone and
set
Bright with names that men remember, loud with names that men
forget,
Haply here shall Eton's record be what England finds it yet.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

THE LITTLE STONES

From "Eton Fables"

We've seen them all a thousand times—so like, but none the same,
Now loitering here for absence, now hurrying to a game ;
We've watched them here for many a year : we know their very
tread,
We guess the things they think about : we hear the things they've
said.
And if they know not what they owe for all that Eton made them,
Then ask the stones, the little stones, and they will all upbraid them.

We've seen them all five years or more : what wonder at our
knowing

The memories that fill their mind, now that it's time for going ?
They're thinking mostly of the friends they work or play or mess
with,
And friends perhaps of early days they shared each small success
with :
Those who forget how great their debt to those they leave behind
them
Must ask the stones, the little stones, and surely they'll remind them.

Friends teach a man he is not made to live and die alone,
Till in their pains and pleasures he perhaps forgets his own ;
For every friend is taught of God to love and serve another,
And there be friends (saith Solomon) stick closer than a brother ;
So if they count a little thing the friends that Eton gave them,
From such a sin, thy stones, O King, thy little stones shall save
them.

CYRIL A. ALINGTON

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL

From "The Schoolmaster's Guests"

The district schoolmaster was sitting behind his great book-laden desk,
Close watching the motions of scholars, pathetic and gay and grotesque.

As whisper the half-leafless branches, when Autumn's brisk breezes
have come,
His little scrub-thicket of pupils send upward a half-smothered hum.

Like the frequent sharp bang of a waggon, when treading a forest
path o'er,
Resounded the feet of his pupils, whenever their heels struck the floor.

There was little Tom Timms on the front seat, whose face was
withstanding "a drouth";
And jolly Jack Gibbs just behind him, with a rainy new moon for a
mouth.

There were both of the Smith boys, as studious as if they bore names
that could bloom;
And Jim Jones a heaven-built mechanic, the slyest young knave in
the room,

With a countenance grave as a horse's, and his honest eyes fixed on
a pin,
Queer bent on a deeply-laid project to tunnel Joe Hawkin's skin.

There were anxious young novices, drilling their spelling-books
into the brain,
Loud-puffing each half-whispered letter, like an engine just starting
its train.

There was one fiercely-muscular fellow, who scowled at the sums on
his slate,
And leered at the innocent figures a look of unspeakable hate,

And set his white teeth close together, and gave his thin lips a short twist,
As to say, " I could whip you, confound you ! could such things be done with the fist ! "

There were two knowing girls in the corner, each one with some beauty possessed,
In a whisper discussing the problem, which one the young master likes best.

A class in the front, with their readers, were telling, with difficult pains,
How perished brave Marco Bozzaris ¹ while bleeding at all of his veins ;

And a boy on the floor to be punished, a statue of idleness stood, Making faces at all of the others, and enjoying the scene all he could.

Around were the walls grey and dingy, which every old school-sanctum hath,
With many a break on their surface, where grinned a wood-grating of lath.

A patch of thick plaster, just over the schoolmaster's rickety chair, Seemed threat'ningly o'er him suspended, like Damocles' sword, by a hair.

There were tracks on the desks where the knife-blades had wandered in search of their prey ; Their tops were as duskily spattered as if they drank ink every day.

The square stove it puffed and it thundered, and broke out in red-flaming sores,
Till the great iron quadruped trembled like a dog fierce to rush out-of-doors.

White snow-flakes looked in at the windows ; the gale pressed its lips to the cracks ; And the children's hot faces were streaming, the while they were freezing their backs.

WILLIAM CARLETON

¹ Marco Bozzaris was a Greek patriot killed in the hour of victory at Missolonghi, 1823, whilst fighting the Turks. The poem by Fitz-Greene Halleck, of Connecticut (*d.* 1867), had at one time a great vogue in the States.

BIGLOW AT SCHOOL

From "The Biglow Papers"

Propped on the marsh, a dwelling now, I see
The humble school-house of my A. B. C.
Where well-drilled urchins, each behind his tire,
Waited in ranks the wished command to fire,
Then all together, when the signal came,
Discharged their *a-b-abs* against the dame.
Daughter of Danaus,¹ who could daily pour
In treacherous pipkins her Pierian store,
She, mid the volleyed learning firm and calm,
Patted the furloughed ferule on her palm,
And, to our wonder, could divine at once,
Who flashed the pan, and who was down-right dunce.

There young Devotion learned to climb with ease
The gnarly limbs of Scripture family-trees,
And he was most commended and admired
Who soonest to the topmost twig perspired ;
Each name was called as many various ways
As pleased the reader's ear on different days,
So that the weather, or the ferule's stings,
Colds in the head, or fifty other things,
Transformed the helpless Hebrew thrice a week
To guttural Peguat² or resounding Greek,
The vibrant accent skipping here and there,
Just as it pleased invention or despair ;
No controversial Hebraist was the Dame ;
With or without the points³ pleased her the same ;
If any tyro found a name too tough,
And looked at her, pride furnished skill enough ;
She nerved her larynx for the desperate thing,
And cleared the five barred syllables at a spring.

¹ "Daughter of Danaus": The Danaides were fifty sisters (forty-nine to be exact—one sinned less) who in Greek story are condemned to fill in Hades, for ever, vessels full of holes. The point will be obvious to my sisters of the craft.

² "Peguat": The language of Pegu, Burmah.

³ "The points": In old Hebrew no vowels were used, the pronunciation being indicated by points over the consonants.

Ah, dear old times ! there once it was my hap,
Perched on a stool, to wear the long-eared cap ;
From books degraded, there I sat at ease,
A drone, the envy of compulsory bees ;
Rewards of merit, too, full many a time,
Each with its woodcut and its moral rhyme,
And pierced half-dollars hung on ribbons gay
About my neck (to be restored next day),
I carried home, rewards as shining then
As those that deck the life-long pains of men,
More solid than the redemanded praise
With which the world beribbons later days.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE NEW SCHOOL

From " Terence Macran's Hedge-School "

Was you iver to see the new school. Woman, dear, it's a wunnerful sight :
Such a sizeable room, wid the childher in rows on the forrms,
sittin' quite
As the plants in a ridge of pitaties, the crathurs, an' scrawmin'
away
At their slates an' their sums, and I dunno what else. But our
ould, *Ah, Bay, Say,*
Takes a quare dale of taichin' these times, ma'am. Sure look at
the place there inside,
That's as big as the chapel, wid boards to the flure, and its windies
so wide
They'd hould half the sky's light, an' the grand yell a blinds, an
the figures and all
Wrote that plain you could read them a mile on the black affair up
'gin the wall ;
An' the countrries in maps hangin' round—but whoiver done *thim*,
I'd ha' said
Made a botch of it ; very belike he invinted him out of his head,
For the sorra look of the lan' I got off him. " Here's Mayo," sez
she ;
Faith, 'twas just an auld jaggety patch wid green edges, for aught
I could see.

But the offer's a wee thrifle betther he thried at the blue of the say ;
I'll ha' noticed somethin' that colour odd whiles of a smooth shiny
day.
Howane'er it's small thanks to the childer if they grow up as cute
as ould crows,
Afther all the conthrivance for taichin' them iverythin' there in their
rows,
Till they couldn't help learnin' if nothin' they done on'y sit in the
class,
Same as goin' to chapel of a mornin' you couldn't miss hearin' the
Mass.

JANE BARLOW

GOOD-NIGHT

From the Harrow School Song Book

Good night ! Ten o'clock is nearing ;
 Lights from Hampstead, many, fewer, more,
Fainter, fuller, vanishing, appearing,
 Flash and float a friendly greeting o'er ;
 Read them, read them,
 Ere the slumber come ;
 Goodwill speed them
 Here across the gloom ;
All good comes to those who read aright ;
See they are twinkling, Good night !

Good night ! How they dart anigh thee
 Bright glad rays for repetition known ;
If the task be crabbed and defy thee,
 How they blink a sympathetic groan !

Wit acuter—

 Guesses free and fast—

Tyrant tutor

 Placable at last—

Such the blessings sparkle to the sight ;
Take them and answer, Good night !

Good night ! What shall follow after ?
 Wish great play, and vigour ever new,
Wish for race and merriment and laughter—
 Hampstead lights must surely wish it too !

Luck befriend thee
From the very toss ;
See, they send thee
Victory across ;
Speed the ball, and animate the fight ;
So, till the morning, Good night !

Good night ! Sleep, and so may ever
Lights half seen across a murky lea,
Child of hope, and courage, and endeavour,
Gleam a voiceless benison on thee !
Youth be bearer
Soon of hardihood ;
Life be fairer,
Loyaller to good ;
Till the far lamps vanish into light,
Rest in the dream-time. Good night !

EDWARD E. BOWEN

§ 3 SOME VISITORS

THE "STRANGER" ON THE BARS

From "Frost at Midnight"

I suppose it is known everywhere that a flapping sooty film on the bars of a grate denotes the advent of a stranger.

But O ! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering *stranger* ! and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come !
So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt,
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams !
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book :
Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up.
For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

A QUEEN'S VISIT

Eton, 1851

From vale to vale, from shore to shore,
The lady Gloriana passed,
To view her realms : the south wind bore
Her shallop to Bellisle at last.

They troop between the dark-red walls,
When the twin towers give four-fold chimes ;
And lo ! the breaking groups, where falls
The chequered shade of quivering limes.

They come from field and wharf and street
With dewy hair and veined throat,
One floor to tread with reverent feet,
One hour of rest for ball and boat.

Like swallows gathering for their flight,
When autumn whispers, play no more,
They check the laugh, with fancies bright
Still hovering round the sacred door.

Lo ! childhood swelling into seed,
Lo ! manhood bursting from the bud :
Two growths, unlike ; yet all agreed
To trust the movement of the blood.

They toil at games, and play with books :
They love the winner of the race,
If only he that prosters looks
On prizes with a simple grace.

The many leave the few to choose ;
They scorn not him who turns aside
To woo alone a milder Muse,
If shielded by a tranquil pride.

When thought is claimed, when pain is borne,
Whate'er is done in this sweet isle,
There's none that may not lift his horn,
If only lifted with a smile.

So here dwells freedom ; nor could she,
Who ruled in every clime on earth,
Find any spring more fit to be
The fountain of her festal mirth.

Elsewhere she sought for lore and art,
But hither came for vernal joy :

Nor was this all : she smote the heart
And woke the hero in the boy.

WILLIAM JOHNSON (WILLIAM CORY)

SCHOOL MANAGERS

From "The Schoolmaster's Guests"

Five of the good district fathers marched into the room in a row,
And stood themselves up by the hot fire, and shook off their white
cloaks of snow ;
And the spokesman, a grave squire of sixty, with countenance
solemnly sad,
Spoke thus, while the children all listened, with all of the ears that
they had :

" We've come here, schoolmaster, intendin' to cast an enquirin' eye
'round,

Concernin' complaints that's been entered, an' fault that has lately
been found ;

To pace off the width of your doin's, an' witness what you've been
about,

An' see if it's payin' to keep you, or whether we'd best turn ye out.

" The first thing I'm bid for to mention is, when the class gets up
to read,

You give 'em too tight of a reinin', an' touch 'em up more than they
need :

You're nicer than wise in the matter of holdin' the book in one han',
An' you turn a stray *g* in their doin's, an' tack an odd *d* on their *an'*.

There ain't no great good comes of speakin' the words so *polite* as
I see,

Providin' you know what the facts is, an' tell 'em off just as they be,
And then there's that readin' in corncert, is censured from first unto
last ;

It kicks up a heap of a racket, when folks is a-travellin' past.

Whatever is done as to readin', providin' things go to *my say*,

Shan't hang on no new-fangled hinges, but swing in the old-fashioned
way."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the consent that
was due,
And nodded obliquely, and muttered "*Them 'ere is my sentiments
tew.*"

" Then, as to your spellin' ; I've heern tell, by them as has looked
into this,
That you turn the *u* out o' your labour, an' make the word shorter
than 'tis ;
An' clip the *k* off o' yer musick, which makes my son Ephraim
perplexed,
An' when he spells out as he ought'r, you pass the word on to the next.

They say there's some new-grafted books here that don't take the
letters along ;
But if it so, just depend on't, them new-grafted books is made
wrong.
You might just as well say, that Jackson didn't know all there was
about war,
As to say that old Spellin'-book Webster didn't know what them
letters was for."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the consent that
was due,
And scratched their heads slyly and softly, and said "*Them's my
sentiments tew.*"

Then, also, your 'rithmetic doin's, as they are reported to me,
Is that you have left Tare an' 'Tret ¹ out, an' also the old Rule o'
Three ;
An' likewise brought in a new study, some high-steppin' scholars to
please,
With saw-bucks an' crosses an' pot-hooks, an' *w*'s, *x*, *y*'s and *z*'s.
We ain't got no time for such foolin' ; there ain't no great good to
be reached
By tiptoein' childr'n up higher than ever their fathers was teached."

¹ "Tare and Tret": A system of arithmetical rules for calculating the discount, and net values after discount, for tare and tret. The former is the allowance for weight of wagon or package, and the latter is an allowance of about 4 per cent to the purchaser for his carriage of the goods. The system is quite obsolete, and the American schoolmaster now has the victory over these particular school managers.

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the consent that
was due,
And cocked one eye up to the ceiling, and said, "*Them's my
sentiments tew.*"

"Another thing I must here mention, comes into the question
to-day,
Concernin' some things in the grammar you're teachin' our gals for
to say.
My gals is as steady as clock-work, an' never give cause for much
fear,
But they come home from school t'other evenin' a-talkin' such stuff
as this here :
' *I love*,' an' ' *Thou lovest*,' an' ' *He loves*,' an' ' *Ye love*,' an' ' *You
love*,' an' ' *They*—'
An' they answered my questions, ' It's grammar'—'twas all I
could get 'em to say.
Now, if, 'stead of doin' your duty, you're carryin' matters on so
As to make the gals say that they love you, it's just all that *I* want
to know.—"

WILLIAM CARLETON

THE INSPECTOR

From "The Schoolmasters"

But the school at the Lhen was just for childher,
Enfans in perricuts—Danny Bewildher
Was the name of the Masther, callin' him out
Of his proper name, that was Danny the Spout ;
At laste—I don't know ; but Skillicorn,
I've heard them sayin' the man was born——
Poor old Dan—aw, bless your sowl !—
Now was it Skillicorn, or Cowle ?

Poor ould Dan !

Aw dear !
The like of a school like that you never—
Aw, Danny thought he was teachin' clever ;
But letters—no ! the A B C ?
And spells, and that ? all fiddlededee !

"Latthars!" he'd say, "idikkiliss!
Just clap a Testament in their fiss,
And off they go—aw, bless your heart!
They'll read soon enough, if ye give them a start.
Latthars! latthars! bewild'rin' the childher"—
And so they were callin' him Danny Bewildher.

Poor Dan! "a start," he said, "only a start";
But, of coorse, we were gettin' it off by heart.
That was Dan.

Lo and behould ye! there came to the Islan'
A terbil man.

Inspector they called him,
Inspector of Schools, and tuk and hauled him
From parish to parish—the work that was in!
And so at last he come to the Lhen
And hed it out with Danny Dan.

"Latthars!" says Danny, "latthars! dear heart!
Bewildr'n the childher—give them a start!
Latthars! what's latthars? idikkiliss!
Clap a Testament in their fiss!"
"No," says the Inspector, "just clap this!"
And whips a book from his starn pocket—
"Now then!" Bless ye! a Congreve rocket
'd hev done as well—not a bit! not a bit!
Not the one of them—not a line of it!
And the childher stared—
"They're not prepared!"
Says Danny, and argued and argued away,
Till he was black in the face, as a body might say.
And then he jawed, lek fit to buss;
And then he gave a bit of a cuss;
And then the Inspector brought him up
All standin'—poor divil! and—"Stop, sir, stop!"
Says he. "In all my 'sperience
I never seen such ignorance.
And it'll be my duty to repoort"
Lek presentin' to the coort—
Or whatever it is—coort, or commission—
Something—'total inefficien'—

Inefficien'—that's their talk."

And so poor Danny had to walk ;
And home to his people in Kirk Bride,
And kept at the Pazon till he died.
And the Bishop come, and the Captain ¹ there,
And the Lord knows who, and spakin' fair ;
And *they'd have the school in proper order.*
And so we were hearin' nothin' furder
Till one day there come a Scotchman—aye—
For the schoolmaster.

T. E. BROWN

THE IRATE PARENT

From "The Schoolmasters"

Aw, little things thim times : but grew,
Till at last the battle of Waterloo
Betwix my mother and Danny, that plied me
With the cane one day till he nearly destroyed me.
And home I run, and—"Mother ! mother !"
And—"Dan hev kilt me !" And—"What's this bother ?"
And takes and hits me a clout on the head,
And looks me all over, and "Come" she said,
And away with me there ; and in on the school—
And—"What's this," she says, ye dirty fool ?
Ye bogh ! ye kyout ye ! *you* a man ?
"You sniffikin creep !" she says to Dan—
"You ?" and just a disgrace
To the place—
And the Bishop and the Archdakin—
Aye—and she'd be spakin'
To the Pazon—'deed she'd let him know !
She would so !
And pins him theer against the wall,
And turns me up and shows him all.

"Gerrout !" says Dan ; "Gerrout !" says he
"Is it *out* ?" she says, and droppin' me,

¹ "Captain": In the Isle of Man, each parish has its Captain, a sort of Chairman of Council.

“ Is it *out* ? ” and grips an inkstand there
And ups and lets him have it fair
Betwix’ the eyes—aw, the ink and the blood !
And Danny all smotherin’ where he stood,
And puffin’ and blowin’ and spatt’rin’ and sputt’rin’,
And all the dirt goin’ sloppin’ and gutt’rin’
Down his breast, and—his shirt ? my annim ! ¹
Never had the lek upon him,
. Nor the name o’ the lek.

“ Gerrurrov this school ! ”

Says Dan, and makes a grab at a stool,
And a run and a drive, and she couldn’t recover her
Footin’ and down, and Danny over her !
So there they were rowlin’ and crish ! crash !
And the furrims capsized, and mixed in a mash
Of murder—bless ye ! stuck to him manful—
Aye, and handful after handful
Of Danny’s hair went flyin’ about ;
And the childher all began to shout,
The boys to cheer, and the gels to cry ;
And then I come behind on the sly,
And caught this Danny a clip on the ear,
And he turned, and she saw her chance, and got clear
And up and off with us—aw, it’s a fac’—
And left poor Danny on his back.

T. E. BROWN

A SOW AT SCHOOL

From “ Walking to the Mail ”

This is an old and perhaps historical tradition of Eton. Cf. Lamb’s account of the keeping on the leads at Christ’s Hospital of one ass by another.

I was at school—a college in the South :
There lived a flay-flint near ; we stole his fruit,
His hens, his eggs ; but there was law for us ;

¹ “ My annim ” : (upon) My soul. Isle of Man talk.

We paid in person. He had a sow, sir. She,
With meditative grunts of much content,
Lay great with pig, wallowing in sun and mud,
By night we dragg'd her to the college tower
From her warm bed, and up the corkscrew stair
With hand and rope we haled the groaning sow,
And on the leads we kept her till she pigg'd.
Large range of prospect had the mother sow,
And but for daily loss of one she loved,
As one by one we took them—but for this—
As never sow was higher in this world—
Might have been happy: but what lot is pure ?
We took them all, till she was left alone
Upon her tower, the Niobe¹ of swine,
And so return'd unfarrow'd to her sty.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

A LAMB AT SCHOOL

This little classic is historical. The original Mary Thomas, now Mrs. Hughes, was living in 1927 at Llangollen, and then aged 86. She establishes the disputed authorship as here given: Mrs. Hale, then Miss Burl of Newport, N.H., was at the time on holiday in Wales.

Mary had a little lamb,
 It's fleece was white as snow ;
And everywhere that Mary went,
 The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
 (It was against the rule),
It made the children laugh and play
 To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned it out,
 But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about
 Till Mary did appear.

¹ "Niobe": Her twelve children were destroyed by Apollo and Artemis.

“ What makes the lamb love Mary so ? ”
The children all did cry,
“ Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know ”
The teacher made reply.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE

A HEN AT SCHOOL .

From “ Tommy Big-Eyes ”

So one day Tommy took the road
The very earliest he could ;
And into the school as quiet as a worm,
And claps his basket under the furm—
His dinner you’d think—and waited there
Till school began ; but just in the prayer
A fellow gave a shove—worse luck !
At Tommy’s basket ; and “ Tuck-tuck-tuck ! ”
And the master stopped, and we all of us stopped ;
And “ Tuck-tuck-tuck ! ” and out she popped—
A beautiful little hen—and she flew
This way and that way—and “ Shish ! and “ Shoo ! ”
And over the desks ; and we all gave chase,
And she flapped her wings in the master’s face—
And the dignified he turned to look !
And “ Shoo ! ” he says ; and “ Tuck-tuck-tuck ” ;—
And away to the window, and scratched, and tore ;
And the feathers flyin’. “ Open that door ! ”
Says the master then ; and glad to be shot of us,
So out goes the hen, and out goes the lot of us—
Helter-skelter, boys and gels—
Sticks and stones, or anything else :
“ Catch her ! ” “ Watch her ! ”
“ Stop her ! ” “ Drop her ! ”
“ Here she is ! ” “ There she is ! ”
“ Tommy’s I’ll swear she is ! ”
“ Tommy’s ! Tommy’s ! Hop-chu-naa ! ”
Three cheers for Tommy ! Hip-hip-hooraa ! ”
And a stone come flyin’, and a flip and a flutter—
And down went the poor little hen in the gutter,

And her leg was broken ; and " Take her up ! "

And " The poor little thing ! " and " Stop, then ; stop !

Here's Tommy himself ! " And Tommy came

And he stood like dumb. " It's a dirty shame ! "

Says one of the gels, and begun a cryin'.

Says an imp, " He brought her for Nelly Quine ! "

And, " Nelly ! for Nelly ! " and took and caught her !

And, " Nelly's his sweetheart ! It's for Nelly he brought her ! "

So when Tommy heard that, he stooped down low,

Like to take the hen, and the tears to flow

Most pitiful, and shivered all over—

And, " Look at him, Nelly ! look at your lover ! "

But Nelly sprung like a flash of light,

And her eye was set, and her face was white ;

And she put her hand upon his head,

And, " Was it for me, then, Tommy ? " she said—

" Was it for me ? " And he snuffs and he snivels ;

And, " Yes," says Tommy. " Hoora ! " says the divils.

Then Nelly faced round like a tiger-cat—

" You brutes," she said, " gerr out of that !

Gerr out you cowards ! " and her face all burned

With the fury of her ; and she turned,

And she took this hen that Tommy confessed,

And she coaxed it, and put it in her breast,

And kissed and kissed it over again.

" My own little hen ! My own little hen ! "

Says Nelly ; and then she got Tommy to rise,

And took her brat ¹ to wipe his eyes.

But away goes Tommy over the street

Like the very wind, and Nelly gave sheet ²

As far as the bridge ; but it wasn' no use,

For Tommy could run like the very deuce—

And the hen in her arms and all, you see—

So she stood and laughed ; and didn't we ?

Laughed and laughed—the little midge !

And leaned against the wall of the bridge,

And laughed again ; but I'll be sworn

There was many a day after that you darn'

Say much before Nelly about Tommy—no

She wouldn't have it. Touch and go,

¹ " Brat " : Apron.

² " Gave sheet " : Ran away.

Was Nelly. Three words, and by japers you'd gerrit !
Aw, the gel, ye see, had a splendid sperrit !
Just the least little *chuck* ! was enough, and then
You couldn't coax her back again.
" And why did she laugh herself "—did ye say ?
" The time poor Tommy was runnin' away ? "
Well, everythin' of coarse in raison !
And the fool he looked, you know, was amazin'.
But, even then, when she heard us behind her,
Singin' out " tally-high-ho-the grinder ! " ¹
(The *grinder* ! if you know what that is !)
She turned and looked like thunder at us—
And, upon my word, there's a lot of thunder
'll go in a little noddle like yonder.
So she rolled the little hen in her brat,
And it's little heart all pit-a-pat—
And as dignified as dignified—
And starts, and away with her home to Kirk Bride.
And no school for her that day nor the next—
Oh, Miss Nelly was desperate vexed !

But Tommy came the very next day—
And if he didn't catch it—eh !
By gum ! *He'd make an impression,*
The master said ; and he gave him a threshin'
In the good old style, with your thwickumy—thwackumy !
Slishin !—slashin' ! bick-o-me-back-o'-me !
And " Fowls ! " he said. " What next ? " he said—
" Ducks and geese ! " and, " Hould up your head ! "—
Pigs and geese, as like as not !
Bulls of Bashan ! You couldn't tell what !
The whole of the farm ! " But look ye here ! "
He said—and he caught him a clip on the ear—
" You insolent vagabone ! " he said
" Who's goin' to see the end of this ? "
Was it fowls ! ! Well, well ! had it really come
To fowls ! ! Why it abslit struck him dumb,
He said. *Of coarse, he said, marbles he knew,*
And even, now and then, an apple or two :

¹ " Hop-Chu-Naa," and " Tally-High-Ho, the Grinder " : These are the burdens of Manx children's songs.

*And liked his scholars to be cheerful ;
But—fowls !!! he said—it was simply fearful !
No, he couldn' , he couldn' , pretend,
He really couldn' , to say where it would end.
Abominable, he said, the habits
Of childher now-a-days !—the rabbits
And rubbish ! he said ; and “ Fowls ! ” he said—“ Fowls !!! ”
And he lifts his voice, and reg'lar howls.
And the lot of us poor little blokes
Takin' care to laugh at all his jokes.
Oh ! he said, it wasn' no use !
And down came the cane like the very deuce
By Jove ! he laid into him like greens,
Till poor Tommy was all in smithereens—
Poor little chap ! the way he was tanned !
But stood it grand ! stood it grand !*

So when Nelly came back, the whole of the row
Was over, you know ; but anyhow,
The master didn' say a word
To her at all, but of coorse she heard—
“ Took and pounded him into jammy ! ”
We said. And the way she looked at Tommy !
But Tommy didn' look to her,
Tommy kept his eyes on the floor.
But I never saw anythin' beautifuller
Than Nelly's little face, and the colour
Comin' and goin' in her cheek ;
And her eyes, that, if they didn't speak—
Well, that was all ! And weren't they pretty !
Yes ; but now they were wells of pity—
Wells of pity, full to the brim ;
And longin' to coax and comfort him.
Aw, she couldn' take them off him, I'll swear !
But whether this Tommy was aware
I cannot tell ; for he wouldn' look,
But the head of him down on the slate or the book
Like nailed ; but still a way with his back,
Or his body altogether lek,
And a sort of snugglin' with his head
That showed he was a little bit comforted.

So that evening she wouldn't let Tommy go home
By himself at all ; but collared to 'm,
And wouldn't leave him ; but step for step,
The quick or the slow, till they came to the Clip,
Where the roads divide. Then Nelly spoke—
And Tommy fit enough to choke—
And, " I'll give you a kiss," she says, " Tommy for that"—
And she wiped her little mouth with her brat.
" Here now, Tommy ! " and made a lip to 'm ;
But Tommy ran ; but Nelly gript him ;
And Tommy turned this way, and Tommy turned that way ;
And poor little Nelly couldn't tell what way—
And first cockin' one ear, and then the other,
Till at last says Nelly, " Dear heart ! the bother
There's with you, too ! " And, " Turn, for all !
Turn ye donkey ! " But he stood like a wall ;
And whatever she did, and whatever she said,
She was forced to kiss him on the back of his head.
And then if Tommy didn't cut !
But Nelly stamped the little foot—
And, " Well, I never ! "—and, " Fiddle-dee-dee ! "—
And, " After all, he's a fool ! " says she.

T. E. BROWN

THE PENNY READING

(Enter SCHOOLMASTER and a dozen children).

S. " Now ladies, ladies, you must please to sit
More close ; the room fills fast, and all these lads
And maidens either have to sing before
The Reading, or else after. By your leave,
I'll have them in the front, I want them here."

(The women make room.)

(Enter ploughmen, villagers, servants, and children.)

" And mark me, boys, if I hear cracking o' nuts,
Or see you flicking acorns and what not

While folks from other parishes observe,
You'll hear on it when you don't look to. Tom
And Jemmy and Roger, sing as loud's ye can,
Sing as the maidens do, are they afraid ?
And now I'm stationed handy facing you,
Friends all, I'll drop a word by your good leave."

YOUNG PLOUGHMAN. " Do, master, do, we like your words a vast,
Though there be nought to back 'em up, ye see,
As when we were smaller."

S. " Mark me, then, my lads,
When Lady Laura sang, ' I don't think much,'
Says her fine coachman, ' of your manners here.
We drove eleven miles in the dark, it rained,
And ruts in your cross roads are deep. We're here,
My lady sings, they sit all open-mouthed,
And when she's done they never give one cheer.' "

OLD MAN. " Be folks to clap if they don't like the song ? "

S. " Certain, for manners."

JEAN INGELOW

THE PROLOGUE OF THE PERSE PLAYERS

Mr. Caldwell Cook writes : " Devereux was a Sixth Form boy at the Perse School, Cambridge, when he wrote the Prologue in 1912 and 1913. He gained a scholarship at Corpus (Cambridge) and was a man of great promise. He was killed in action in 1916."

Fair greeting, friends, and welcome to this hall
From the Perse Players, to you, one and all.
You've left the streets ; dream now you're far away
From the fierce roar and turmoil of to-day,
Far from this Iron Age of smoke and steam
Around : we'd give you here a spot to dream
At peace of fairer and more nobler things,
And earlier times when the new-risen springs
Of life ran free and undisturbed and strong
Tall, untrod mountains and wide vales along.

Outside the street rolls by and railways roar
Where the free fields and woods were seen before
With flowers and birds : men in their chase for gold
Forget the nobler things they knew of old—
Forget the song and dance and all things fair
That grew and thrrove in that diviner air,
And with dull ears and eyes that will not see,
With clouded wits and hearts no longer free,
Must still be hastening on and make no stay,
Trampling unseen the flowers about their way.

This we would here forget, and only show
The eternal heart that still beats on below ;
We would raise up once more on this our stage
Some shade, some echo of the Golden Age,
And have one spot at least where you may see
Man as he is, not as he seems to be ;
Who, though times change, though fashions rise and fall,
Lives yet unchanging and unaged through all ;
Who loves and hates, grieves and rejoices still,
Just as he always did and always will ;
Still swayed by passion ; still, for all his light,
Meeting with gods by day and ghosts by night,
Fond of a song and eager for a fight.

All, then, that lives, all that belongs to man,
All that is fair we take within our span ;
And if such hopes, with our poor means should seem
Merely an idle or presumptuous dream,
Yet think, we pray, that he who dares not fly
May never hope to touch or gain the sky,
And that in such a flight as ours to fall
Is nobler far than not to rise at all.

But first be warned, that such of you as looks
Upon the world and man only through books,
And not himself ; such as will never turn
His hand to toil by which to live and learn
As others do : be far from hence : he'll find
In what we bring, but little to his mind
Or understanding : ours not to read but do,
Not only dream, but make our dreams come true
In act and earnest all our days. And when
Our hands, so long withheld, are given again

Their freedom : when the spade and oar we ply,
Or wield the hammer, when we steep the dye,
And practise every craft that men pursued
While their hands kept their cunning : then renewed
Indeed, as in some fresh heroic age,
We'll act our gods with all the world for stage—
True Players, who all day long and every day,
Making the years one never-closing play,
Enact our " Dream of human life." For know,
The songs we sing, the gods that here we show
To-night—brave gods unsoured by mortal strife,
Seen fresh and bold in the clear dawn of life—
Spring not from print and paper, but present
Our living work, our tears, our merriment,
Our new-sprung life, and thence their being hold.
Think you that they who made those gods of old
Made them of books ? Nay, sterner stuff were they
Than such, with scanty time to while away
In dreams. Men of their hands, unused to ease,
They plowed the hard-bound earth and on the seas
Fought cold and shipwreck ; sought their daily food
From perilous sea or wild unfriendly wood ;
Pierced with high winds that swept by night and day
Their frozen earth, and stung by bitter spray
On shore and shipboard : till their hard-won years
Of labour, where scant dreaming-time appears,
Brought forth the gods, that those unsmiling skies
Grew bright and wonderful to men's new eyes,
That barren world divine.

And if to-day

That morning light seem spent or driven away
From earth ; or if our stage seem small and bare
For the brave gods of old to figure there ;
Yet never doubt, in all their ancient might
And ageless forms, the gods are here to-night ;
For though their heaven may seem disturbed and bound,
And straightened by this hurrying, changeless round,
Though vanished seem that beauty that once gave
Men's toils a glory to outlive the grave :
Yet while there's youth to see the earth and skies
With hopes undimmed and no book-wearied eyes,

To take delight in toil, still to feel strong,
To love brave deeds and do them, for so long
The gods are safe ; but when his heart no more
Delights in sword and hammer, spade and oar,
When he puts down his tool, hangs up his spear,
And tales of toil and hardship lose his ear,
The twilight of the gods indeed is here.

And when our plays are done,
Judge them not ancient tales of others' strife
Or mirth retold, but our own thoughts of life
Embodyed here : and if some fault you find
Of youth with his own glorious vision blind,
Be not too harsh, but in the tales we tell
Seek what we know of truth : and so farewell.

HUMPHREY DEVEREUX

§ 4 HOLIDAYS

SCHOOLBOYS' SONG AT CHRISTMAS

This is a translation by Dr. Rouse of a quaint song in schoolboy's dog-Latin of late fifteenth century. It is given by Dr. Courtenay Dunn in his "Natural History of the Child."

Before the end of the term we carry sticks,
We must break the porter's head,
If the master asks us where we should go,
We briefly answer, It is not yours to know,
O noble Doctor, now we you pray,
That you may grant to give us leave to play,
Now we propose to go without any nay,
So break up the school, I tell it you in faith
On this feast is to make mirth.
We take our day our leave to take
After the feast of the Birth full sore shall we quake
When we come back for to make Latin,
Therefore we ask you heartily and wholly
That this day we may be able to break up the School.

ANONYMOUS

ON A TAPESTRY

I am called Chyldhod, in play is all my mynde,
To cast a coyte, a cokstele, and a ball.
A toppe can I set, and dryve it in his kynde.
But would to god these hateful bookees all,
Were in a fyre brent to pouder small.
Then might I lede my lyfe always in play :
Which lyfe god sende me to myne endyng day.

SIR THOMAS MORE

PLAY AND WORK

From "Shepherd's Pastorals"

. . . As Children on a play-day leave the Schooles,
And gladly runne into the swimming Pooles,

Or in the thickets, all with nettles stung,
Rush to dispoile some sweet *Thrushe* of her young ;
Or with their hats (for fish) lade in a Brooke
Withouten paine : but when the Morne doth looke
Out of the *Esterne gates*, a Snayle would faster
Glide to the Schooles, than they unto their Master.

WILLIAM BROWNE

EASTER HOLIDAYS

Coleridge was fourteen years old when he sent this from Christ's Hospital to his brother Luke. It was not printed until 1921.

Hail ! festal Easter that dost bring
Approach of sweetly-smiling spring,
When Nature's clad in green,
When feather'd songsters through the grove
With beasts confess the power of love
And brighten all the scene.

Now youths the breaking stages load
That swiftly rattling o'er the road
To Greenwich haste away :
While some with sounding oars divide
Of smoothly flowing Thames the tide ;
All sing the festive lay.

With mirthful dance they beat the ground,
Their shouts of joy the hills resound
And catch the jocund noise :
Without a tear, without a sigh
Their moments all in transports fly
Till evening ends their joys.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

THE PLAYGROUND (1866)

From "A Peep into a Poor-Law School"

For there was then a gravel yard,
No asphalt pavement to be hard,
And what a dust you then would see
When drill and marching there would be,
And gutta-percha soles so soon
Worn out on boots in time and tune !
But then the stones were good for fun,
The foxes making geese to run,
When Sunday games were sketched around
With chalk, remains from school they found,
And surely none would churlish be
To disallow this liberty :
And "naughts and crosses" they had too,
In school as well the game went through,
When slates were so convenient,
And washing, well, no harm was meant !
Nor was hopscotch disdained by some,
Played with their sisters when at home ;
And tops, and hoops, and marbles came,
As seasons changed their every game,
The same old round as now we see,
Which surely is a mystery ;
No cricket bat did any wield,
For there was then no playing-field,
For "rounders" there was room enough,
No football, though some games as rough ;
And they rejoiced in flying kites,
The smaller boys with little mites
Made from the leaves of copy-books,
The outcome oft of saddened looks ;
Those wriggling "tadpoles" pleased as well
As any kite then made to sell,
The covers of the Darnell¹ green,
As tadpole heads were brighter seen,
And children smiled the more at tails
Then when they passed the Capitals,

¹ "Darnell": Famous copy-books issued by the excellent George Darnell (1798-1857); they were the first to have his own invention of copies in light ink, to be written over by the children. He had a school at Islington, and his elementary books had an enormous sale.

Or at their tops with rings around,
Made beautiful with whipping found,
Or peg-tops which would often spin,
For others soon to split and win.

JAMES HARVEY

THE LEGEND OF " DOMUM "

This is the accepted legend of the origin of Winchester's most famous song.

It chanced some twelve-score years ago
In Wykeham's ancient School,
The genial summer brought relief
From the stern Master's rule.

The scholars doffed their bands and gowns,
Closed every classic tome,
And donned their gomers, as they termed
The garments of their home.

And all were joyful, all save one,
That morn condemned to wait
The live-long holidays alone
Within the College Gate.

A ring with precious diamonds set
Was missing, woe betide !
Stol'n from a chamber free to him
But closed to all beside.

He marked his comrades' look askance,
He heard their parting glee ;
Would none believe his innocence
Or hear his heartfelt plea ?

Then on him closed the prison door,
Where 'twas his doom to stay ;
He might not see his sweet, sweet home,
But he could think and say—

Domum, Domum, Dulce Domum,
Domum, Domum, Dulce Domum,
Dulce, Dulce, Dulce Domum,
Dulce Domum resonemus.

There on the cold grey stone he lay
Beneath the Cloister's shade,
And on the mouldering walls around
That plaintive music played.

And from a nest perched high o'erhead
There fell the long-lost ring,
And soft birds' voices piped these notes
His requiem to sing—

Domum, Domum, Dulce Domum,
Domum, Domum, Dulce Domum,
Dulce, Dulce, Dulce Domum,
Dulce Domum resonemus.

ANONYMOUS

WALT WHITMAN WATCHES "FIFTEENS"

"*Fifteens*" is the famous *Winchester game*

What do you see, Walt Whitman ?
I see a mass of arms clad in brown and white and blue and white jerseys,
Of legs clad in cut-shorts that once were white,
Arms that struggle, and legs that kick convulsively, that is what I see ;
And I see hands that grasp the empty air,
Or if not the air then their next-door neighbour,
Or if not their neighbour then the netting which pens the players in ;
And there are two watchers with note-books and pencils,
Note-books to write in, and pencils to rap the grasping hands,
(There is mud on the hands, and their knuckles are white with the tension of grasping),

The play of the muscles, the curve of the back stooping to push,
Faces glistening with sweat, sinews in the neck taut with the effort
of extrication, that is what I see.

I see a ring of eager faces ;
Mouths that open, and anxious eyes,
And ever the grey tower above showing through the trees,
(The trees stripped of their foliage, and the tower shows through
their tracery),
Slender, silent tower.

J. L. CROMMELIN-BROWN

A CRICKET BOWLER

Two minutes rest till the next man goes in !
The tired arms lie with every sinew slack,
On the mown grass. Unbent the supple back,
And elbows apt to make the leather spin
Up the slow bat and round the unwary shin—
In knavish hands a most unkindly knack ;
But no guile shelters under this boy's black
Crisp hair, frank eyes, and honest English skin.
Two minutes only. Conscious of a name,
The new man plants his weapon with profound
Long-practised skill that no mere trick may scare.
Not loth, the rested lad resumes the game :
The flung ball takes one madding tortuous bound,
And the mid-stump three somersaults in air.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY

A FOOTBALL-PLAYER

If I could paint you, friend, as you stand there,
Guard of the goal, defensive, open-eyed,
Watching the tortured bladder slide and glide
Under the twinkling feet ; arms bare, head bare,
The breeze a-tremble through crow-tufts of hair ;
Red-brown in face, and ruddier having spied
A wily foeman breaking from the side,

Aware of him,—of all else unaware :
If I could limn you, as you leap and fling
Your weight against his passage, like a wall ;
Clutch him and collar him, and rudely cling
For one brief moment till he falls—you fall :
My sketch would have what Art can never give,
Sinew and breath and body ; it would live.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

A CONTRAST

I love to watch a rout of merry boys,
Released from school for play, and nothing loth
To make amends for late incurious sloth
By wild activity and strident noise ;
But more to mark the lads of larger growth
Move fieldward with such perfect equipoise,
As if constricted by an inward oath
To scorn the younger age and clamorous joys ;
Prepared no less for pastime all their own,
A silent strenuous game of hand and knee,
Where no man speaks, but a round ball is thrown
And kicked and run upon with solemn glee,
And every struggle takes an earnest tone,
And rudest sport a sober dignity.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY

§ 5 COMING AND GOING

AWAY TO SCHOOL

From "Written on the Day of my Aunt's Funeral"

Lamb's aunt was Sarah Lamb, his father's sister. There are many allusions in Lamb's letters, and in the essay on Christ's Hospital, to the old lady who used to bring him dainties to school, and of whom he was genuinely fond. Lamb is much gratified that she came to his house to die. We know that the day of the funeral was February 13th, 1797.

Very kind

Hast thou been to me in my childish days,
Thou best good creature. I have not forgot,
How thou didst love thy Charles, when he was yet
A prating schoolboy: I have not forgot
The busy joy on that important day,
When, childlike, the poor wanderer was content
To leave the bosom of parental love,
His childhood's play-place, and his early home,
For the rude fosterings of a stranger's hand,
Hard uncouth tasks, and schoolboy's scanty fare.
How did thine eye peruse him round and round,
And hardly knew him in his yellow coats,
Red leathern belt, and gown of russet blue !
Farewell, good aunt !
Go thou and occupy the same grave-bed
Where the dead mother lies.

CHARLES LAMB

ARRIVAL AT SCHOOL

From "The Schoolboy"

Refers to Holmes' early school—Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. The poem was read at the Centennial Celebration of its foundation in 1878.

Brave, but with effort, had the school-boy come
To the cold comfort of a stranger's home ;
How like a dagger to my sinking heart
Came the dry summons, " It is time to part ;

Good-by ! ” “ Goo-ood-by ! ” one fond maternal kiss . . .
Homesick as death ! Was ever pang like this ?
Too young as yet with willing feet to stray
From the tame fireside, glad to get away,—
Too old to let my watery grief appear,—
And what so bitter as a swallowed tear !

One figure still my vagrant thoughts pursue ;
First boy to greet me, Ariel, where are you ?
Imp of all mischief, heaven alone knows how
You learned it all—are you an angel now,
Or tottering gently down the slope of years,
Your face grown sober in the vale of tears ?
Forgive my freedom if you are breathing still ;
If in a happier world, I know you will.
You were a school-boy,—what beneath the sun
So like a monkey ? I was also one.

Strange, sure enough, to see what curious shoots
The nursery raises from the study's roots !
In those old days the very, very good
Took up more room,—a little,—than they should ;
Something too much one's eyes encountered then
Of serious youth and funeral-visaged men ;
The solemn elders saw life's mournful half,—
Heaven sent this boy, whose mission was to laugh,
Drollest of buffos, Nature's odd protest,
A catbird squealing in a blackbird's nest.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE NEW BOY

From “ The Retrospect ”

Refers to the school at Corston, near Bath, where Southey began his schooling.

There now in petty empire o'er the school
The mighty master held despotic rule ;
Trembling in silence all his deeds we saw,
His look a mandate, and his word a law ;

Severe his voice, severe and stern his mien,
And wondrous strict he was, and wondrous wise I ween.

Even now through many a long, long year I trace
The hour when first with awe I viewed his face ;
Even now recall my entrance at the dome,
'Twas the first day I ever left my home !
Years intervening have not worn away
The deep remembrance of that wretched day,
Nor taught me to forget my earliest fears,
A mother's fondness, and a mother's tears ;
When close she pressed me to her sorrowing heart
As loath as even I myself to part.
And I, as I beheld her sorrows flow,
With painful effort hid my inward woe.

But time to youthful troubles brings relief,
And each new object weans the child from grief.
Like April showers the tears of youth descend,
Sudden they fall, and suddenly they end ;
A fresher pleasure cheers the following hours,
As brighter shines the sun after the April showers.

Methinks even now the interview I see,
The mistress's kind smile, the master's glee ;
Much of my future happiness they said,
Much of the easy life the scholars led,
Of spacious playground, and of wholesome air,
The best instruction, and the tenderest care ;
And when I followed to the garden door
My father, till through tears I saw no more,
How civilly they soothed my parting pain,
And how they never spake so civilly again !

ROBERT SOUTHEY

THE NEW BOY

From "Willie Baird" in "Idylls and Legends of Inverburn"
Buchanan was himself the son of a Scottish schoolmaster.

O weel I mind the day his mother brought
Her tiny trembling tot with yellow hair,
Her tiny poor-clad tot six summers old,
And left him seated lonely on a form
Before my desk. He neither wept nor gloom'd ;
But waited silently, with shoeless feet
Swinging above the floor ; in wonder eyed
The maps upon the walls, the big blackboard,
The slates and books and copies, and my own
Grey hose and clumsy boots ; last, fixing gaze
Upon a monster spider's-web that fill'd
One corner of the white-wash'd ceiling, watch'd
The speckled traitor jump and jink about,
Till he forgot my unfamiliar eyes
Weary and strange and old. "Come here, my bairn !"
And timid as a lamb he seedled up.
"What do they call ye ?" "Willie," coo'd the wean,
Up-peeping slyly, scraping with his feet.
I put my hand upon his yellow hair,
And cheer'd him kindly. Then I bade him lift
The small black bell that stands behind the door
And ring the shouting laddies from their play.
"Run, Willie !" And he ran, and eyed the bell,
Stoop'd o'er it, seem'd afraid that it would bite,
Then grasp'd it firm, and as it jingled gave
A timid cry—next laugh'd to hear the sound—
And ran full merry to the door and rang,
And rang, and rang, while lights of music lit
His pallid cheek, till, shouting, panting hard,
In ran the big rough laddies from their play.

Then rapping sharply on the desk, I drove
The laddies to their seats, and beckon'd up
The stranger—smiling, bade him seat himself
And hearken to the rest. Two weary hours
Buzz—buzz, boom—boom, went on the noise of school
While Willie sat and listen'd open-mouthed ;

Till school was over, and the big and small
Flew home in flocks. But Willie stay'd behind.
I beckon'd to the mannock, with a smile,
And took him on my knee, and crack'd and talk'd.

First he was timid ; next, grew bashful ; next
He warm'd and told me stories of his home,
His father, mother, sisters, brothers, all ;
And how, when strong and big, he meant to buy
A gig to drive his father to the kirk ;
And how he long'd to be a dominie :
Such simple prattle as I plainly see
You smile at. But to little children God
Has given wisdom and mysterious power
Which beat the mathematics. *Quærere*
Verum in sylvis Academi, Sir,
Is meet for men who can afford to dwell
For ever in a garden, reading books
Of morals and the logic. Good and weel !
Give me such tiny truths as only bloom
Like red-tipt gowans at the hallanstone,¹
Or kindle softly, flashing bright at times,
In fuffing cottage fires !

The laddie still

Was seated on my knee, when at the door
Was heard a sound of scraping : Willie prick'd
His ears and listen'd, then he clapt his hands—
“ Hey ! Donald, Donald, Donald ! ” (See ! the rogue
Looks up and blinks his eyes—he kens his name !)
“ Hey, Donald, Donald ! ” Willie cries. At that
I saw beneath me, at the door, a Dog—
The very collie dozing at your feet,
His nose between his paws, his eyes half-closed.
At sight of Willie, with a joyful bark
He leapt and gamboll'd, eying *me* the while
In queer suspicion ; and the mannock peep'd
Into my face, while patting Donald's back—
“ It's Donald ! he has come to take me home ! ”

ROBERT BUCHANAN

¹ “ Hallanstone ” : Doorstep.

UPON LEAVING SCHOOL

Refers to Hawkeshead Grammar School, of which Wordsworth had very happy memories (see "Matthew").

Dear native regions, I foretell,
From what I feel at this farewell,
That, wheresoe'er my steps shall tend,
And whensoe'er my course shall end,
If in that hour a single tie
Survive of local sympathy,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you.

Thus, when the sun, prepared for rest,
Hath gained the precincts of the west,
Though his departing radiance fail
To illuminate the hollow vale,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

SONNET ON QUITTING SCHOOL

Coleridge's school was, of course, Christ's Hospital.

Farewell parental scenes ! a sad farewell !
To you my grateful heart still fondly clings,
Tho' fluttering round on Fancy's burnish'd wings
Her tales of future Joy Hope loves to tell.
Adieu, adieu ! ye much-lov'd cloisters pale !
Ah ! would those happy days return again,
When 'neath your arches free from every stain,
I heard of guilt and wonder'd at the tale !
Dear haunts ! where oft my simple lays I sang,
Listening meanwhile the echoings of my feet,
Lingering I quit you, with as great a pang,
As when erewhile, my weeping childhood, torn
By early sorrow from my native seat,
Mingled its tears with hers—my widow'd Parent lorn.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

ABSENCE

Ode on quitting School for Cambridge

Where graced with many a classic spoil
Cam rolls his reverend stream along,
I haste to urge the learned toil
That sternly chides my love-lorn song :
Ah me ! too mindful of the days
Illumed by Passion's orient rays,
When Peace, and Cheerfulness, and Health
Enriched me with the best of wealth.
Ah fair Delights, that o'er my soul
On Memory's wing, like shadows, fly !
Ah Flowers, which Joy from Eden stole
While Innocence stood smiling by !—
But cease, fond Heart ! this bootless moan :
Those Hours on rapid Pinions flown
Shall yet return, by Absence crowned,
And scatter livelier roses round.
The Sun who ne'er remits his fires
On heedless eyes may pour the day :
The Moon, that oft from Heaven retires,
Endears her renovated ray.
What though she leave the sky unblest
To mourn awhile in murky vest ?
When she relumes her lovely Light,
We bless the Wanderers of the Night.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

PARTING

Eton

William Johnson took the name of Cory upon his retirement from Eton. His poems, expressive of love for boy life, are very fine in their own vein.

As when a traveller, forced to journey back,
Takes coin by coin, and gravely counts them o'er,
Grudging each payment, fearing lest he lack,
Before he can regain the friendly shore ;

So reckoned I your sojourn, day by day,
So grudged I every week that dropt away.

And as a prisoner, doomed and bound, upstarts
From shattered dreams of wedlock and repose,
At sudden rumblings of the market carts,
Which bring to town the strawberry and the rose,
And wakes to meet sure death ; so shuddered I,
To hear you meditate your gay Goodbye.

But why not gay ? For, if there's aught to lose,
It is but drawing off a wrinkled glove
To turn the keys of treasures, free to choose
Throughout the hundred-chambered house of love,
This pathos draws from you, though true and kind,
Only bland pity for the left behind.

We part ; you comfort one bereaved, unmanned ;
You calmly chide the silence and the grief ;
You touch me once with light and courteous hand,
And with a sense of something like relief
You turn away from what may seem to be
Too hard a trial of your charity.

So closes in the life of life ; so ends
The soaring of the spirit. What remains ?
To take whate'er the Muse's mother lends,
One sweet sad thought in many soft refrains
And half reveal in Coan ¹ gauze of rhyme.
A cherished image of your joyous prime.

WILLIAM JOHNSON (WILLIAM CORY)

THE LAST EVENING

Winchester

Aye pass away, as others passed before,
Familiar for a season to our eyes ;

¹ "Coan" : Cos was famous in ancient times for its fine gauze, used for the Coan garments, "half veiling, half revealing."

Then presently their place knows them no more ;
Now when our time has come to snap the ties,
'Tis little wonder that our hearts are sore.

Throughout the cloud and sun of six long years,
The School has been a parcel of our life,
Seen our perplexities and soothed our fears,
Watched silently above our mimic strife,
Joyed with our joy, and sorrowed with our tears.

At every turn the place grows dearer yet,
Associations crowding to the mind,
Trifles which none of us will e'er forget.
In after life, with boyhood far behind,
Seen in a golden haze with blind regret.

The great School eddies o'er its yearly blanks,
Filling and wiping out their every trace ;
And though we grieve to step from out the ranks,
Our lines have fallen in a pleasant place ;
Let us remember this, and render thanks.

Old heroes stretch their hands from out the past,
Across the centuries their tones we hear,
Saying, " Our great traditions hold you fast,"
Saying, " Ye children of a later year,
See that ye be not wanting at the last."

J. L. CROMMELIN-BROWN

VALEDICTORY

Shades of evening, close not o'er us,
Stay, oh stay, the coach awhile ;
Morn, alas, will not restore us
Yonder dark and ancient pile.
O'er the roofs that lower around us,
Loudly tolls the chapel bell ;
Adieu, the walls which once have bound us,
Shades Carthusian, fare ye well !

'Tis the hour of joy and gladness,
When beneath the clear gaslight,
Free from every thought and sadness,
Oft in mirth we spend the night.
Fancy's eye still lingers over
Walls in which we used to dwell ;
Scenes which we can ne'er recover ;
Shades Carthusian, fare ye well !

When the rapid wheels are sounding
O'er MacAdam's flinty road,
Over hill and valley bounding,
Far from Sutton's ¹ loved abode.
What would I not give to wander
Thro' each dim monastic cell,
Or in ancient cloisters ponder ;
Shades Carthusian, fare ye well !

H. K.

¹ Thomas Sutton, who founded Charterhouse in 1611.

§ 6 THE OLD BOYS

KING ALFRED, O.S.

Tradition says that Alfred was educated at the monastery school at Sherborne.

When King Alfred was at Sherborne he was just like you and me,
He began at the bottom of the School,
He paid his Chapel fines and he wrote his share of lines,
And was smacked if he played the fool.

So face life cheerily as Alfred did of old,
And when things are gloomy, recollect
If you're feeling rather sore, he went through it all before,
And what can you expect ?

When King Alfred was at Sherborne, he joined the Sherborne Corps.
For an early-Saxon jacket all of red :
He wasn't taught to trifle with the new repeating rifle,
But drilled with a spear instead.

So face . . . etc.

When King Alfred was at Sherborne, he played for the Eleven,
And if in any Match he made a Duck
He didn't make excuses, as the frequent modern use is,
Only hoped next time better luck.

So face . . . etc.

When King Alfred was at Sherborne he revelled in "Unseens,"
He never said that "Comps" were hard or dry,
Repetition was his pleasure, and he spent his royal leisure
In studying the Verbs in *mi*.

So face . . . etc.

Yes, King Alfred when at Sherborne was a wonder in his time,
Doing everything a real Shirburnian should ;
But if you ask the Poet his opinion, you shall know it—
To-day we have a dozen quite as good.

So face . . . etc.

J. H. F. PEILE

BYRON AND PEEL

From the Harrow School Song Book

Byron lay, lazily lay,
Hid from lesson and game away,
Dreaming poetry, all alone,
Up-a-top of the Peachey stone.

All in a fury enters Drury,
Sets him grammar and Virgil due ;
Poets shouldn't have, shouldn't have, shouldn't have,
Poets shouldn't have work to do.

Peel stood, steadily stood,
Just by the name in the carven wood,¹
Reading rapidly, all at ease,
Pages out of Demosthenes.

"Where has he got to ? Tell him not to !"
All the scholars who hear him, cry ;
"That's the lesson for, lesson for, lesson for,
That's the lesson for next July !"

Peel could never, you needs must own,
Rhyme one rhyme on the Peachey stone ;
Byron never his task have said
Under the panel where PEE~~L~~ is read.

"Even a goose's brain has uses"—
Cricketting comrades argued thus—
"Will they ever be, ever be, ever be,
Will they ever be boys like us ?"

Byron lay, solemnly lay,
Dying for freedom, far away ;
Peel stood up on the famous floor.
Ruled the people, and fed the poor.

¹ "Carven wood" : In the old Fourth Form room a panel is still preserved upon which were carved the names of Peel and many other distinguished Harrovians. (See "Harrow-on-the-Hill.")

² "Peachey stone" : This is the flat stone in Harrow Churchyard where Byron used to lie meditating poetry. Untutored visitors buy picture postcards of it as "Byron's Grave."

None so narrow the range of Harrow ;
Welcome poet and statesman too ;
Doer and dreamer, dreamer, dreamer,
Doer and dreamer, dream and do.

EDWARD E. BOWEN

GREAT CARTHUSIANS

Charterhouse ! Charterhouse ! Mother of Englishmen
Maker of worlds that are yet for to be ;
Great in the years gone by,
Great in thy promise high,
Thine be our love, for thy children are we.

Addison ! Addison ! Pearl of our brotherhood !
Never a word didst thou mingle with gall !
Charm of thy gentle wit—
Gravity, grace of it—
Took the world captive and held it in thrall.

Wesley, John Wesley, was one of our company,
Prophet untiring and fearless of tongue ;
Down the long years he went,
Spending yet never spent,
Serving his God with a heart ever young.

Havelock, Havelock, hero “ philosopher ” !
Silent of speech as on battlefield grim.
In the dread days of fear
His the sole rescue near,
Long may our need find us soldiers like him.

Thackeray, Thackeray, kindliest cynical,
Weaver of words to entangle our ears :
Ne’er a more cunning pen
Pictured the sons of men,
Witching a world into laughter and tears.

Leech ! What ! John Leech ! Why he set us all laughing.
Laughing to see ourselves mirror'd so true ;
Nothing there mean or base,
Ugliness turned to grace,
Folly to wit in the pictures he drew.

Years they are passing, 'tis now full three hundred
Since Sutton's wise hand and great heart set the way ;
Charterhouse ! mother !
Thy Spirit none other
Shall kindle and move and inspire us to-day.

ANONYMOUS

HERE, SIR !

From the Harrow School Song Book

Like an ancient river flowing
From the mountain to the sea,
So we follow, coming, going
To the wider Life to be—
On our course
From the source
To the wider Life to be !
Here sir ! Here sir ! Here sir ! Here sir
On the top of Harrow Hill,
Here sir ! Here sir ! Here sir ! Here sir
In the windy yard at Bill.

Is it nought—our long procession,
Father, brother, friend and son,
As we step in quick succession,
Cap and pass and hurry on ?
One and all
At the call,
Cap and pass and hurry on ?
Here sir ! Here . . . etc.

One by one—and as they name us,
Forth we go from boyhood's rule,

Sworn to be renown'd and famous
For the honour of the School :
 True as steel,
 In our zeal,
For the honour of the School.
Here sir ! Here . . . etc.

So to-day—and oh ! if ever
Duty's voice is ringing clear
Bidding men to brave endeavour
 Be our answer “ We are here ! ”
 Come what will,
 Good or ill,
We will answer “ We are here ! ”
Here sir ! Here . . . etc.

EDMUND WHYTEHEAD HOWSON

FOUNDER'S DAY, WINCHESTER

From “ William of Wykeham ”

'Tis Winton's day of solemn state,
To Wykeham's memory consecrate :
Her scattered sons from far she calls
Once more to tread her ancient halls ;
To cast, upon their Founder's day,
The weary load of years away ;
And breathe again, for that brief time,
The freshness of their boyhood's prime.

The morning bells have chimed to prayer
In the old order, two and two,
The youthful throng that worships there
Has passed the reverend portal through ;
And through the gorgeous Eastern pane,
The Summer sun looks down again
Upon the well-remembered show,
That decks the crowded aisle below—
On Boyhood's glowing cheek and eye,
Open and clear as morning sky—

On Youth, in all its flush of prime,
Life's fairest, freshest, godliest time—
On forms by years and labours bowed,
Strange contrast to that boyish crowd !
Men, it may be, whose steps have gained
The loftiest heights by worth attained ;
Whose names to England justly dear,
Ring like a trumpet in every ear ;
'Mid joyous urchins, in whose eyes
No palm transcends the schoolboys' prize !

Yet the same thoughts and feelings sway
Boyhood and Youth, and Age today :
For cares of State and dreams of Pride
Within these walls are cast aside ;
And all are Wykeham's sons once more,
As true and guileless as of yore.
The heirship of his mighty name
Makes old and young in heart the same.
And almost could their fancy feign,
That, as they kneel where then they knelt,
Relenting Time had given again
The lightsome step, the bounding vein,
Which in those vanished years they felt.

Cold were the heart for whom that hour
Had no sweet spell, no quickening power ;
And on that evening, as I strayed,
Beneath the Cloisters' hoary shade,
When " summer's twilight " 'gan to gloam,
To hear the old " sweet song of home,"
Back on my thought these words returned,
At sight of that exulting throng ;
Like fire within my soul they burned,
And shaped its fancies into song.

H. C. ADAMS

FOUNDER'S DAY, ETON

Praise the Lord ! to-day we sing,
Birthday of our Founder King !
Day of Memories ! linking fast
With the present all the past !
For the royal care that planned
God's own house, wherein we stand,
Lift your hearts with one accord !
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord !

For the souls of high intent
Forth from this, our Mother sent
Fearless, faithful, loving, true,
Strong to suffer, strong to do,
All their powers with all their might,
Freely spending for the right,
Lift your hearts with one accord !
Lift your hearts and praise the Lord !

Ours to tread the path they trod,
Warriors in the host of God ;
Ours the Christian's arms to wield,
Ours to bear unstained the shield.
For our heritage of fame,
For our Mother's glorious name,
Lift your hearts with one accord !
Lift your hearts and praise the Lord !

Once again the waning year
Brings our day of memories here,
So recalling ages gone,
So uniting all in one !
For our tale of lives sublime,
For our hopes of coming time,
Lift your hearts with one accord !
Lift your hearts and praise the Lord !

A. C. AINGER

THE WELCOME

Comes again the hour of welcome,
Meets again each well-known friend ;
Deck the wall with flow'r and garland,
Voice and labour gladly lend :
Some from Cam and some from Isis,
Here of old they bore their parts ;
In the school where yet their names live,
Let them know our heart of hearts.

Welcome all, and welcome always,
Heroes known and cheered of yore,
In the Class List—or the “ Indian ”,
At the willow or the oar.
Welcome now and welcome ever,
Come again in many a year,
Come and find what greeting waits for
Marlborough past from Marlborough here.

Thus we greet whom we remember,
Brothers in the days of old ;
There are newer friends around us,
Nor to them be greeting cold.
Open wide the door and wider !
Hang new garlands on the wall !
Welcome friend and welcome stranger !
Welcome one and welcome all.

ANONYMOUS

THE OLD BOYS' MATCH

Uppingham

“ Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together.”
Poet, tell the truth
In the summer weather.

Youngest welcome rung
Out of grey old gables,
Old Boys all were young,
Whispered old young fables.

So we met and played,
Young and old together ;
Merry work we made.
Poet, keep your tether.

EDWARD THRING

SHELLEY

Refers to Eton. See "The Resolve", page 108.

Years came and went ;—beside the Poet's tomb
The flowers of many a Spring had bloom'd and died,
When times of fierce convulsion, rage and gloom
Arose, and shook the nations far and wide.
O then, my Mother, by the verdant side
Of thy bright river, lost in dreamy mood,
Was seen a stripling pale and lustrous-eyed,
Who far apart his lonely path pursued,
And seemed in sullen guise o'er troubrous thoughts to brood.

Small sympathy he own'd or felt, I ween,
With sports and pastimes of his young compeers,
Nor mingling in their studies oft was seen,
Nor shared their joys or sorrows, hopes or fears ;
Pensive he was, and grave beyond his years,
And happiest seem'd when in some shady nook
(His wild, sad eyes suffused with silent tears)
O'er some mysterious and forbidden book
He pored, until his frame with strong emotion shook.

Strange were his studies, and his sports no less ;
Full oft, beneath the blazing summer noon,
The sun's convergent rays, with dire address,
He turned on some old tree, and burnt it soon
To ashes ; oft at eve the fire-balloon,

Inflated by his skill, would mount on high ;
And when tempestuous clouds had veil'd the moon,
And lightning rent, and thunder shook the sky,
He left his bed to gaze on Nature's revelry.

JOHN MOULTRIE

FOR A CLASS REUNION

Whether we like it or don't,
There's a sort of bond in the fact
That we all by one master were taught,
By one master ¹ were bullied and whackt.
And now all the more when we see
Our class in so shrunken a state,
And we, who were seventy-two
Diminished to seven or eight.

One has been married, and one
Has taken to letters for bread ;
Several are over the seas ;
And some, I imagine, are dead.
And that is the reason, you see,
Why, as I have the honour to state,
We, who were seventy-two
Are now only seven or eight.

One took to heretical views,
And one, they inform me, to drink ;
Some construct fortunes in trade,
Some starve in professions, I think.
But one way or other, alas !
Through the culpable action of Fate,
We, who were seventy-two,
Are now shrunken to seven or eight.

So, whether we like it or not,
Let us own there's a bond in the past,
And, since we were playmates at school,
Continue good friends to the last.

¹ "By one master": This was Thompson, whose class at Edinburgh Academy Stevenson attended in Session, 1861-2.

The roll-book is closed in the room,
The clackan is gone with the slate,
We, who were seventy-two,
Are now only seven or eight.

We shall never, our books on our back,
Trudge off in the morning again,
To the slide at the janitor's door,
By the ambush of cads in the lane.
We shall never be sent for the tawse,
Nor lose places for coming too late ;
We shall never be seventy-two
Who now are but seven or eight !

We shall never have pennies for lunch,
We shall never be strapped by Maclean,
We shall never take gentlemen down,
Nor ever be schoolboys again.
But still for the sake of the past,
For the love of the days of lang syne
The remnant of seventy-two
Shall rally together to dine.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

HE REVISITS HIS FIRST SCHOOL

From " Moments of Vision "

Hardy's first school was the village school at Beckhampton, Dorset.

I should not have gone in the flesh,
I ought to have gone as a ghost ;
It was awkward, unseemly almost,
Standing solidly there as when fresh,
Pink, tiny, crisp-curled,
My pinions yet furled
From the minds of the world.

After waiting so many a year
To wait, longer, and go as a sprite
From the tomb at the mid of some night
Was the right, radiant way to appear ;

Not as one wanzing weak
From life's roar and reek
His rest still to seek :

Yea, beglimpsed through the quaint quarried glass
Of green moonlight, by me greener made,
When they'd cry, perhaps, " There sits his shade
In his olden haunt—just as he was
When in Walkingame he
Conned the grand Rule-of-Three
With the bent of a bee."

But to show in the afternoon sun,
With an aspect of hollow-eyed care,
When none wished to see me come there,
Was a garish thing, better undone.

Yes ; wrong was the way ;
But yet, let me say,
I may right it—some day.

THOMAS HARDY

THE OLD BOYS (1917)

Refers to Uppingham School

" Who is the one with the empty sleeve ? "

 " Some sport who was in the swim."

" And the one with the ribbon who's home on leave ? "

 " Good Lord ! I remember him !

A hulking fool, low down in the school,
 And no good at games was he—
All fingers and thumbs—and very few chums.
 (I wish he'd shake hands with me !)"

" Who is the one with the heavy stick,
 Who seems to walk from the shoulder ? "

" Why, many's the goal you have watched him kick ! "

 " He's looking a life-time older.

Who is the one that's so full of fun—
 I never beheld a blither—
Yet his eyes are fixt as the furrow betwixt ? "
 " He cannot see out of either."

“ Who are the ones that *we* cannot see,
Though we feel them as near as near ?
In Chapel one felt them bend the knee,
At the match one felt them cheer.
In the deep still shade of the Colonnade,
In the ringing quad’s full light,
They are laughing here, they are chaffing there,
Yet never in sound or sight.”

“ Oh, those are the ones who never shall leave,
As they once were afraid they would !
They marched away from the school at eve,
But at dawn came back for good,
With deathless blooms from uncoffin’d tombs
To lay at our Founder’s shrine.
As many are they as ourselves to-day,
And their place is yours and mine.”

“ But who are the ones they can help or harm ? ”
“ Each small boy, never so new,
Has an Elder brother to take his arm,
And show him the thing to do—
And the thing to resist with a doubled fist,
If he’d be nor knave nor fool—
And the Game to play if he’d tread the way
Of the School behind the school.”

E. W. HORNUNG

CLIFTON S.A. WAR MEMORIAL

Clifton, remember these thy sons who fell
Fighting far over sea ;
For they in a dark hour remembered well
Their warfare learned of thee.

HENRY NEWBOLT

LOOKING SOUTH

This refers to Clifton's South African War Memorial, a fine statue of St. George.

High o'er the College Close it stands,
Fronting the scenes they loved so well,
And—far away—those southern lands,
Where for the right they fought and fell :
And " Thus shall ye," it seems to say,
" Go forth, whene'er your country call,
Quit ye as nobly in the fray,
And, if God wills, as nobly fall.

" For they were such as ye in years,
The same keen joys and sorrows felt,
Had the same hopes, knew the same fears,
At the same Chapel altar knelt ;
'Twas here they learned the generous fight,
To merge their own in others' fame,
To win—and wear success aright,
And still contest a losing game.

" And here, from foreign climes afar,
On the wide veldt, in watches late,
'Neath many an alien silent star,
On weary march, or wearier wait,
Aye, when the battle round them burned,
And screaming shells shrill havoc tore—
Here, in a flash, their thoughts returned,
And lived again some scene of yore.

" Here now once more—though gone are they—
I, the own image of their love,
While the old pastimes yet ye play,
Watch from my columned height above ;
Watch through the quiet summer eve
Your white forms moving on the green,
And, when for House and home ye leave,
Stay sentry o'er the sacred scene—

" And mark the well-remembered chimes
Toll the dim quarters as they pass,

And see the shadows of the limes
Grow longer on the yellowy grass :
Till from high Tower and Chapel die
The last flush-hues of rosy light,
And the gloom gathers round, and I
Stand looking Southward through the night.”

C. H. ST. L. RUSSELL

NOVEMBER 11TH, 1922

Dedication of Repton School War Memorial

Grey walls, grey weather, and a silence dwelling
Round the slim column and its plot of green ;
Hushed faces ; and the names of those we cherish
In cloistered dimness seen.

Through the calm air a shaft of sunlight slanting
Gilds Garth and pillar and each bended head :
And a voice speaks, uniting past and present,
The living and the dead.

“ Dear school, dear country, doubly dear hereafter,
Hallowed by thoughts of unforgotten days,
By youthful lives, and sacrifice remembered
With thankfulness and praise.”

So the words rang ; and, past me as I listened,
Like autumn mists the centuries unrolled,
And the Court filled with whisperings and visions,
Populous as of old.

As shadowed dreams I saw again before me
The grave rope-girdled Augustinians go,
Pacing in pairs their well-remembered cloister,
Hooded, devout and slow.

Then at the summons of a phantom vesper,
Faded each monkish, insubstantial ghost :
In place there sported Whitehead’s blue-robed scholars,
A later, livelier host.

And others followed, pupil, priest and canon,

Thronging their ancient ways with soundless feet ;
Those who have known these walls throughout the ages,
And found their seasons sweet.

Far down the wind a bugle faintly sounded
And, on the instant, ere its clear note sped,
A fresh battalion moved among the shadows,
Last of the Repton dead.

Not soiled and shattered from the plains of Flanders,
Where through long days the doubtful battles rolled,
But young and laughter-loving as we knew them
In sunlit fields of old.

Their voices rose ; they walked once more among us ;
Then at the trumpet's calling, sweet and shrill,
Shadow and substance passed ; a myriad echoes
Slumbered, and all was still.

Grey Archway, dreaming in November sunlight,
Grey Cloister, where the pale leaves whispering fall,
Grey mellowed walls, and spire for ever soaring
Serenely over all,

Grant that the peace which you have known and treasured
May reach their spirits in that dreamless sleep,
And fold us too, who have their names to honour,
Their heritage to keep.

J. L. CROMMELIN-BROWN

CLIFTON'S GREAT WAR MEMORIAL

From the great Marshal ¹ to the last recruit,
These, Clifton, were thy Self, thy Spirit in Deed,
Thy flower of Chivalry, thy fallen fruit,
And thine immortal seed.

HENRY NEWBOLT

¹ "Great Marshal": Sir Douglas Haig was a Clifton boy.

IN MEMORIAM

Mr. Russell writes that since the composition of this poem it has become the custom for masters and boys to bare the head on passing through the porch, which forms the War Memorial of Clifton School—a point which gives an added interest to the third stanza.

This, to their memory : though the thing they wrought
 No record needs, that human hand can give—
Who, with their love, their life, our freedom bought ;
 Who died, that we may live.

Nay, not in marble their memorial lies,
 But in the spirit, that quickens us within ;
The hope that looks, henceforth, with larger eyes ;
 The peace, they warred to win.

But, for our love of them, and that high cause,
 This portal stands : that ye, who knew them not,
May, for a moment, as ye enter, pause,
 And they—be ne'er forgot.

C. H. ST. L. RUSSELL

§ 7 RETROSPECT

THE OLD SCHOOL

From "The Pleasures of Memory"

Rogers attended a school at Stoke Newington, which must have been a very different district in his day. "Lone porches" and "pensive pilgrims" are scarce there nowadays.

The School's lone porch, with reverend mosses grey,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay,
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quicken my truant feet across the lawn ;
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here ;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams !

SAMUEL ROGERS

THE OLD SCHOOL

Westminster

From "Tirocinium"

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days.
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at the sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still ;
The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed ;
The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw ;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat ;

The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That viewing it, we seem almost to obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it even in age, and at our latest day.

WILLIAM COWPER

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade ;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way :

Ah happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !
Ah, fields beloved in vain !
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second Spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace ;

Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?
 The captive linnet which enthral ?
What idle progeny succeed,
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent,
 Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty :
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry :
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possessed ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast,
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer, of vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play ;
No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond today :
Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train !
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band,
 Ah, tell them they are men !

To each his sufferings : all are men,
Condemned alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies ?
Thought would destroy their Paradise,
No more !—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.—

THOMAS GRAY

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL

From " Childish Recollections "

High, through those elms, with hoary branches crown'd,
Fair Ida's bower adorns the landscape round :
There Science, from her favour'd seat, surveys
The vale where rural Nature claims her praise ;
To her awhile resigns her youthful train,
Who move in joy, and dance along the plain ;
In scatter'd groups each favour'd haunt pursue ;
Repeat old pastimes, and discover new ;
Flush'd with his rays, beneath the noon tide sun
In rival bands between the wickets run,
Drive o'er the sward the ball with active force,
Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course.
But these with slower steps direct their way,
Where Brent's cool waves in limpid currents stray ;
While yonder few search out some green retreat,
And arbours shade them from the summer heat :
Others again, a pert and lively crew,
Some rough and thoughtless stranger plac'd in view,
With frolic quaint their antic jests expose,
And tease the grumbling rustic as he goes ;
Nor rest with this, but many a passing fray
Tradition treasures for a future day :
" 'Twas here the gather'd swains for vengeance fought,
And here we earn'd the conquest dearly bought ;

Here have we fled before superior might,
And here renew'd the wild tumultuous fight."—
While thus our souls with early passions swell,
In lingering tones resounds the distant bell ;
Th' allotted hour of daily sport is o'er
And Learning beckons from her temple's door.
No splendid tablets grace her simple hall
But ruder records ¹ fill the dusky wall ;
There, deeply carved, behold ! each tyro's name
Secures its owner's academic fame ;
Here mingling view the names of sire and son—
The one long graved, the other just begun :
These shall survive alike when son and sire
Beneath one common stroke of fate expire ;
Perhaps their last memorial these alone,
Denied in death a monumental stone,
Whilst to the gale in mournful cadence wave
The sighing weeds that hide their nameless grave.
And here my name, and many an early friend's,
Along the wall in lengthen'd line extends,
Though still our deeds amuse the youthful race,
Who tread our steps, and fill our former place,
Who young obey'd their lords in silent awe
Whose nod commanded, and whose voice was law ;
And now, in turn, possess the reins of power,
To rule the little tyrants of an hour ;
Though sometimes with the tales of ancient day,
They pass the dreary winter's eve away—
" And thus our former rulers stemm'd the tide,
And thus they dealt the combat side by side ;
Just in this place the mouldering walls they scal'd,
Nor bolts nor bars against their strength avail'd :
Here Probus² came, the rising fray to quell,
And here he falter'd forth his last farewell ;
And here one night abroad they dared to roam,
While bold Pomposus² bravely stay'd at home " ;
While thus they speak, the hour must soon arrive,

¹ " Ruder records " : The carved names in the old Fourth Form room. Tradition says that at a schoolboy revolution Byron dissuaded the boys from burning down their schoolroom by pointing out the loss of these honoured names cut in the wall.

² See " On a Change of Masters," page 138.

When names of these, like ours, alone survive :
Yet a few years, one general wreck will whelm
The faint remembrance of our fairy realm.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF HARROW

Ye scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection
Embitters the present, compared with the past ;
Where science first dawn'd on the powers of reflection,
And friendships were form'd, too romantic to last ;

Where fancy yet joys to trace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied ;
How welcome to me your ne'er-fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied !

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
The streams where we swam, and the fields where we fought ;
The school where, loud warn'd by the bell, we resorted,
To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught.

Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,
As reclining at eve on yon tombstone I lay ;
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray.

I once more view the room with spectators surrounded
Where, as Zanga,¹ I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown ;
While, to swell my young pride, such applauses resounded,
I fancied that Mossop² himself was outshone.

¹ "Zanga": Hero of Edward Young's tragedy "The Revenge," which had a great vogue in its time.

² "Mossop": Henry Mossop was a turbulent and unfortunate actor of the time. He appeared at Drury Lane, ran the Smock Alley Theatre in Dublin, and died in poverty in 1774. An actor wrote of him :

"The Templars, they cry Mossop,
The ladies, they cry Ross up,
But which is the best is a toss-up."

Or, as Lear,¹ I pour'd forth the deep imprecation,
By my daughters of kingdom and reason deprived ;
Till fired by loud plaudits and self-adulation,
I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret you !
Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast ;
Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you :
Your pleasures may still be in fancy possest.

To Ida full oft may remembrance restore me,
While fate shall the shades of the future unroll !
Since darkness o'ershadows the prospect before me,
More dear is the beam of the past to my soul.

But if, through the course of the years which await me,
Some new scenes of pleasure should open to view,
I will say, while with rapture the thought shall elate me,
“ Oh ! such were the days which my infancy knew ! ”

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW

Hoods' retrospect is doubtless of the “Clapham Academy,” of which he wrote in his very similar “Ode.”

Oh, when I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
 My mates were blithe and kind !
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the teardrop from my eye,
 To cast a look behind !

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
 A top a joyous thing ;
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas ! is all my top,
 And careful thoughts the string !

¹ “Lear”: Byron was very strong upon “King Lear” on speech-days, and had some talent in elocution.

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,¹
With Theseus for a taw !
My playful horse has slipped his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
And harnessed to the law !

My kite—how fast and far it flew !
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
My pleasure from the sky !
'Twas papered o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
Will never soar so high !

My joys are wingless all and dead ;
My dumps ² are made of more than lead ;
My flights soon find a fall ;
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a hoop.
And seldom with a call !

My football's laid upon the shelf :
I am a shuttlecock myself
The world knocks to and fro ;
My archery is all unlearned,
And grief against myself has turned
My arrows and my bow !

No more in noontide sun I bask ;
My authorship's an endless task,
My head's ne'er out of school :
My heart is pained with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grown strangely cool !

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,

¹ "Elgin's lord" : The Lord Elgin who brought the famous Elgin marbles to England.

² "Dumps" : Part of a school game is, or was, the hitting on the knuckles with the bag of marbles. The word "dumps" was especially used in Scotland, the land of Hood's origin.

It makes me shrink and sigh :
On this I will not dwell and hang,
The changeling would not feel a pang
Though these should meet his eye !

No skies so blue or so serene
As then ;—no leaves look half so green
As clothed the playground tree !
All things I loved are altered so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me !

Oh, for the garb that marked the boy,
The trousers made of corduroy,
Well inked with black and red ;
The crownless hat, ne'er deemed an ill—
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head !

Oh, for the riband round the neck !
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck
My book and collar both !
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
A boy of larger growth ?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew !
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue
That washed my sweet meals down ;
The master even !—and that small Turk
That fagged me !—worse is now my work—
A fag for all the town !

Oh, for the lessons learned by heart !
Ay, though the very birch's smart
Should mark those hours again ;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned
Beneath the stroke, and even find
Some sugar in the cane !

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,

By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun
The angel form that always walked
In all my dreams, and looked and talked
Exactly like Miss Brown !

The *omne bene*—Christmas come !
The prize of merit, won for home—
Merit had prizes then !
But now I write for days and days,
For fame—a deal of empty praise,
Without the silver pen !

Then home, sweet home ! the crowded coach—
The joyous shout—the loud approach—
The winding horns like rams' !
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,
No "satis" to the "jams" !—

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind,—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the teardrop from my eye,
To cast a look behind !

THOMAS HOOD

SCHOOL AND SCHOOLFELLOWS

Twelve years ago I made a mock
Of filthy trades and traffics,
I wondered what they meant by stock ;
I wrote delightful sapphics :
I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
I supp'd with Fates and Furies—
Twelve years ago I was a boy
A happy boy at Drury's.¹

¹ "Drury's": Drury was a house-master at Eton in Praed's time.

Twelve years ago!—how many a thought
 Of faded pains and pleasures
Those whisper'd syllables have brought
 From memory's hoarded treasures!
The fields, the farms, the bats, the books,
 The glories and disgraces,
The voices of dear friends, the looks
 Of old familiar faces!

Kind *Mater* smiles again to me,
 As bright as when we parted;
I seem again the frank, the free,
 Stout-limbed, and simple hearted!
Pursuing every idle dream,
 And shunning every warning;
With no hard work but Bovney stream,
 No chill except Long Morning:

Now stopping Harry Vernon's ball
 That rattled like a rocket;
Now hearing Wentworth's "Fourteen all!"
 And striking for the pocket;
Now feasting on a cheese and flitch,—
 Now drinking from the pewter;
Now leaping over Chalvey ditch,
 Now laughing at my tutor.

Where are my friends? I am alone;
 No playmate shares my beaker,
Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
 And some—before the Speaker;
And some compose a tragedy,
 And some compose a rondo;
And some draw sword for Liberty,
 And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes
 Without the fear of sessions;
Charles Medlar loathed false quantities;
 As much as false professions;

Now Mill keeps order in the land,
A magistrate pedantic ;
And Medlar's feet repose unscanned
Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick whose oaths made such a din,
Does Dr. Martext's duty ;
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
Is married to a Beauty ;
And Darrell studies, week by week,
His Mant,¹ and not his Manton ;
And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
Is very rich at Canton.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

THE RESOLVE

From "The Revolt of Islam"

Dedication

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first
The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.
I do remember well the hour which burst

My spirit's sleep. A fresh May-dawn it was,
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
And wept, I knew not why : until there rose
From the near schoolroom voices that, alas !
Were but one echo from a world of woes—
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasped my hands, and looked around ;
But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground.

So, without shame, I spake : " I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power ; for I grow weary to behold

The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
Without reproach or check." I then controlled
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.

¹ "Mant": Author of a standard History of the Church in Ireland.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore ;
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught

I cared to learn—but from that secret store
Wrought linked armour for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war among mankind.

Thus power and hope were strengthened more and
more

Within me ; till there came upon my mind
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

AT ETON

A very unusual instance of a poem about Eton written by a Wykehamist.

To have but just that youth once more,
How gladly would I give away
All the long years may hold in store !
How gladly, for that early day,
Give all I have ! except, may be,
That day's eternal memory.

The boys, on whom I look, and sigh
To be no more, no more, as they ;
Might laugh to learn, that such as I,
Scarce older than themselves, can say
Such wistful things, that best beseem,
Surely, an old man's hopeless dream.

Old men would understand : they know,
What mighty change, one hour must make ;
When to the open world boys go,
And come not back, but turn and take
Their several ways to joy or ruth :
But never a way leads back to youth !

Years hence, your willing feet may find
These *Fields* beside the royal stream :

And mine will haunt, if fate prove kind,
My Winton *Meads*, and walk in dream :
But never, as in days of old ;
The days of youth ! the age of gold !

LIONEL JOHNSON

SCHOOL

Refers to the opening by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch of the War Memorial Hall at Bishop's Stortford College. The town stands on the little River Stort, and has some slight remains of a Norman castle.

Over the firs, and over the tall elm-trees,
Still fills the sky with stars ?
And in the garden do the blood-red roses
Challenge the blood-red Mars ?

Under the bridge still flows the weedy river,
Dark water 'neath the dark ?
And does the haunted castle still deliver
Ghosts to the waiting bark ?

The slow hands mark the sleepy hour that passes,
The church guards her white graves,
A little wind rustles the soft tall grasses,
Under the rood that saves.

O, you who sleep, and wake at this swift clamour,
The ringing of the bell,
Some of us wakened once to your day's glamour,
But come not back to tell.

And some amid far firs and graves are dwelling,
And waters very far,
Who wait to hear the clangour of the belling,
And see the morning star.

ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD

II
SCHOOLMASTERS



§ I THE POETS' MASTERS

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER

From "The Deserted Village"

The village is supposed to represent Lissoy, near Athlone, but the schoolmaster was Thomas Byrne, of Kilkenny West, in Co. Westmeath. He was an old Quartermaster of Marlborough's wars, fond of relating his adventures, and to him Goldsmith probably owed something of his romantic and restless disposition.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school :
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd :
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran—that he could gauge :
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

REUBEN AND LEONARD

From "The Borough : Schools"

Poor *Reuben Dixon* has the noisiest school
Of ragged lads, who ever bow'd to rule ;
Low in his price—the men who heave our coals
And clean our causeways, send him boys in shoals ;
To see poor Reuben, with his fry beside,—
Their half-check'd rudeness, and his half-scorned pride,—
Their room, the sty in which th' assembly meet,
In the close lane behind the Northgate street ;
T'observe his vain attempts to keep the peace,
Till tolls the bell, and strife and troubles cease,—
Calls for our praise ; his labour praise deserves,
But not our pity ; Reuben has no nerves :
'Mid noise and dirt, and stench, and play, and prate,
He calmly cuts the pen or views the slate.

But *Leonard* !—yes, for Leonard's fate I grieve,
Who loathes the station which he dares not leave :
He cannot dig, he will not beg his bread,
All his dependence rests upon his head ;
And deeply skill'd in sciences and arts,
On vulgar lads he wastes superior parts.

Alas ! what grief that feeling mind sustains,
In guiding hands, and stirring torpid brains ;
He whose proud mind from pole to pole will move,
And view the wonders of the worlds above ;
Who thinks and reasons strongly :—hard his fate,
Confined for ever to the pen and slate :
True, he submits, and when the long dull day
Has slowly passed, in weary tasks away,
To other worlds with cheerful view he looks
And parts the night between repose and books.

Amid his labours, he has sometimes tried
To turn a little from his cares aside ;
Pope, Milton, Dryden, with delight has seized,
His soul engaged, and of his trouble eased ;
When, with a heavy eye and ill-done sum,
No part conceived, a stupid boy will come ;

Then Leonard first subdues the rising frown,
And bids the blockhead lay his blunders down ;
O'er which disgusted he will turn his eye ;
To his sad duty his sound mind apply,
And, vex'd in spirit, throw his pleasures by.

GEORGE CRABBE

THE MASTER'S TROUBLES

From "The Borough : Schools"

Various our day-schools : here behold we one
Empty and still :—the morning duties done,
Soil'd, tatter'd, worn, and thrown in various heaps,
Appear their books, and there confusion sleeps ;
The workmen all are from the Babel fled,
And lost their tools, till the return they dread :
Meantime the master, with his wig awry,
Prepares his books for business by-and-by ;
Now all the insignia of the monarch laid
Beside him, rest, and none stand by afraid ;
He, while his troop light-hearted leap and play,
Is all intent on duties of the day ;
No more the tyrant stern, or judge severe,
He feels the father's and the husband's fear.

Ah ! little think the timid trembling crowd,
That one so wise, so powerful, and so proud
Should feel himself, and dread the humble ills
Of rent-day charges, and of coalman's bills :
That while they mercy of their judge implore,
He fears himself—a knocking at the door ;
And feels the burthen as his neighbour states
His humble portion to the parish rates.

They sit th' allotted hours, then eager run,
Rushing to pleasure when the duty's done ;
His hour of leisure is of different kind,
Then cares domestic rush upon his mind,
And half the ease and comfort he enjoys
Is when surrounded by slates, books, and boys.

GEORGE CRABBE

CLASS-TEACHERS

From "The Borough : Schools"

(The headmaster)

Has power supreme, and power is sweet to pride :
But grant him pleasure ; what can teachers feel,
Dependent helpers always at the wheel ?
Their power despised, their compensation small,
Their labour dull, their life laborious all ;
Set after set the lower lads to make
Fit for the class which their superiors take ;
The road of learning for a time to track
In roughest state, and then again go back :
Just the same way on other troops to wait,—
Attendants fixed at learning's lower gate.

GEORGE CRABBE

THE BETTER HOLE

From "The Borough : Abel Keene"

A quiet, simple man was *Abel Keene*,
He meant no harm, nor did he often mean ;
He kept a school of loud rebellious boys,
And growing old, grew nervous with the noise ;
When a kind merchant hired his useful pen,
And made him happiest of accompting men ;
With glee he rose to every easy day,
When half the labour brought him twice the pay.

GEORGE CRABBE

THE NEW MASTER

A beardless boy, himself just fresh from school,
Bashful and shy, not knowing how to rule,
'Mid graver seniors takes a Master's place ;
But tho' his brows the tasselled trencher grace,
In vain he apes a magisterial frown,
And proudly stalks in flowing length of gown.
Whene'er he speaks, his lisping tongue affords
A mass of unintelligible words ;

Not quite an idiot, yet not half a sage,
He stops and blunders thro' each learned page,
Then blushing, tries to mend the murdered verse,
And by correction makes the matter worse.
And oh ! forgive the simile, I pray
Ye " sixth " and " fifth " who sport beneath his sway,
Each at his pleasure, like a saucy frog,
(See *Æsop's fables*) bullies poor " King Log."

ANONYMOUS

DISMAL CASE OF THE USHER

Lloyd was the son of an assistant master at Westminster, and for a short time a " dismal usher " himself. He left in disgust, but had still a dismal life, dying at thirty-one, after a period in the Fleet Prison for debt, in 1764.

Were I at once empowered to shew
My utmost vengeance on my foe,
To punish with extremest rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger
Than, using him as learning's tool,
To make him usher of a school.
For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren soil,
And labouring with incessant pains,
To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
The duties there but ill befit
The love of letters, arts, or wit.

• • • • •
For me, it hurts me to the soul
To brook confinement or control ;
Still to be pinioned down to teach
The syntax and the parts of speech ;
Or, what perhaps is drudgery worse,
The links, and joints, and rules of verse ;
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny pots of Oxford ale ;

Oh, 'tis a service irksome more
Than tugging at the slavish oar
Yet such his task, a dismal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth,
And while a paltry stipend earning,
He sows the richest seeds of learning,
And tills *their* minds with proper care,
And sees them their due produce bear ;
No joys, alas ! his toil beguile,
His *own* lies fallow all the while.
" Yet still he's on the road," you say,
" Of learning." Why perhaps he may,
But turns like horses in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor standing still ;
For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches.

ROBERT LLOYD

DR. SYNTAX

The school was done, the business o'er,
When, tired of Greek and Latin lore,
Good SYNTAX sought his easy-chair,
And sat in calm composure there.
His wife was to a neighbour gone,
To hear the chit-chat of the town ;
And left him the unfrequent power
Of brooding through a quiet hour.
Thus, while he sat, a busy train
Of images besieged his brain.
Of church-preferment he had none ;
Nay, all his hope of that was gone.

And all his gains, it did appear,
Were only thirty pounds a year.
Besides th' augmenting taxes press,
To aid expense and add distress :
Mutton and beef, and bread and beer,
And everything was grown so dear ;

The boys, too, always prone to eat,
Delighted less in books than meat ;
So that, when holy Christmas came,
His earnings ceased to be the same,
And now, alas ! could do no more
Than keep the wolf without the door.
E'en birch, the pedant master's boast,
Was so increased in worth and cost,
That oft, prudentially beguil'd,
To save the rod, he spared the child.
Thus, if the times refused to mend,
He to his school must put an end.
How hard his lot ! how blind his fate !
What shall he do to mend his state ?

WILLIAM COMBE

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER

Alack ! 'tis melancholy theme to think
How Learning doth in rugged states abide,
And, like her bashful owl, obscurely blink,
In pensive glooms and corners, scarcely spied ;
Not, as in Founders' Halls and domes of pride,
Served with grave homage, like a tragic queen,
But with one lonely priest compell'd to hide,
In midst of foggy moors and mosses green,
In that clay cabin hight the College of Kilreen !

This College looketh South and West alsoe,
Because it hath a cast in windows twain ;
Crazy and crack'd they be, and wind doth blow
Through transparent holes in every pane,
Which Dan, with many paines, makes whole again
With nether garments, which his thrift doth teach,
To stand for glass, like pronouns, and when rain
Stormeth, he puts, " once more unto the breach,"
Outside and in, tho' broke, yet so he mendeth each.

And in the midst a little door there is,
Whereon a board that doth congratulate
With printed letters, red as blood I wis,
Thus written, " CHILDREN TAKEN IN TO BATE " :
And oft, indeed, the inward of that gate,
Most ventriloque, doth utter tender squeak,
And moans of infants that bemoan their fate,
In midst of sounds of Latin, French, and Greek,
Which, all i' the Irish tongue, he teacheth them to speak.

•
Six babes he sways, some little and some big,
Divided into classes six ;—alsoe,
He keeps a parlour boarder of a pig,
That in the College fareth to and fro,
And picketh up the urchins' crumbs below—
And eke the learned rudiments they scan,
And this his A, B, C, doth wisely know,—
Hereafter to be shown in caravan,
And raise the wonderment of many a learned man.

Alsoe, he schools some tame familiar fowls,
Whereof, above his head, some two or three
Sit darkly squatting, like Minerva's owls,
But on the branches of no living tree,
And overlook the learned family ;
While, sometimes, Partlet, from her gloomy perch,
Drops feather on the nose of Dominie,
Meanwhile, with serious eye, he makes research
In leaves of that sour tree of knowledge—now a birch.

No chair he hath, the awful Pedagogue,
Such as would magisterial hams imbed,
But sitteth lowly on a beechen log,
Secure in high authority and dread :
Large, as a dome for learning, seems his head,
And like Apollo's, all beset with rays,
Because his locks are so unkempt and red,
And stand abroad in many several ways :—
No laurel crown he wears, howbeit his cap is baise.

And, underneath, a pair of shaggy brows
O'erhang as many eyes of gizzard hue,
That inward giblet of a fowl, which shows
A mongrel tint, that is ne brown ne blue ;
His nose,—it is a coral to the view ;
Well nourish'd with Pierian Potheen,—
For much he loves his native mountain dew ;—
But to depict the dye would lack, I ween,
A bottle-red, in terms, as well as bottle green.

As for his coat, 'tis such a jerkin short,¹
As Spenser had, ere he composed his Tales ;
But underneath he hath no vest, nor aught,
So that the wind his airy breast assails ;
Below, he wears the nether garb of males,
Of crimson plush, but non-plushed at the knee :—
Thence further down the native red prevails,
Of his own naked fleecy hosierie :—
Two sandals, without soles, complete his cap-a-pie.

Nathless, for dignity, he now doth lap
His function in a magisterial gown,
That shows more countries in it than a map.
Blue tinct, and red, and green, and russet brown,
Besides some blots, standing for country-town ;
And eke some rents, for streams and rivers wide ;
But sometimes, bashful when he looks adown,
He turns the garment of the other side,
Hopeful that so the holes may never be espied !

And soe he sits, amidst the little pack,
That look for shady or for sunny noon,
Within his visage, like an almanack,—
His quiet smile foretelling gracious boon :
But when his mouth droops down, like rainy moon,
With horrid chill each little heart unwarms,
Knowing, that infant show'rs will follow soon,
And with forebodings of near wrath and storms
They sit, like timid hares, all trembling on their forms.

¹ " Jerkin short " : As a sizar at Merchant Taylor's School, Spenser was one of " six poor scholars " to whom Robert Nowell, a Lancashire squire, gave money to buy stuff or gowns.

Ah ! luckless wight, who cannot then repeat
“ Corduroy Colloquy,” or “ Ki, Kœ, Kod,”—
Full soon his tears shall make his turfy seat
More sodden, tho’ already made of sod,—
For Dan shall whip him with the word of God,—
Severe by rule, and not by nature mild,
He never spoils the child and spares the rod,
But spoils the rod and never spares the child,
And soe with holy rule deems he is reconciled.

THOMAS HOOD

THE MAISTER

He gied us Scripter names tae spell,
But what they meant we couldna’ tell ;
He maybe didna’ ken his sel’—
The Maister.

What funny dogs we used tae draw
Upon our sklates, an’ ships an’ a’
Till keekin’ ¹ roond wi’ fright we saw
The Maister.

He gied our lugs ² a fearfu’ pu’,
Said he wud skelp us black an’ blue ;
I doot he wudna try that noo—
The Maister.

We mind them weel, his lang black taws,
They snippet sair like parten’s ³ claws ;
A crabbit little man he was—
The Maister.

He birled ⁴ me roond like Nanny’s wheel,
Said he was tellt tae lick me weel ;
He seemed tae like tae hear me squeal—
The Maister.

His plump roond cheeks as red’s the rose,
His twinklin’ ‘een an’ redder nose,

¹ “ Keekin’ ” : Peeping round. ² “ Lugs ” : Ears.
³ “ Parten’s ” : Crab’s. ⁴ “ Birled ” : Swung round.

Showed that he suppit mair than brose—
The Maister.

He opened aye the schule wi' prayer,
An' psalms an' questions gied us mair
Than that we thocht was proper there—
The Maister.

An' after time, an' siller spent,
We left as wise as when we went ;
It wasna' muckle that he kent—
The Maister.

It's forty years noo since that day,
An' time whase besom's aye at play
'Mang other things has soopt away—
The Maister.

JOSEPH TEENAN

THE MASTERS

From "The Schoolboy"

Grave is the Master's look ; his forehead wears
Thick rows of wrinkles, points of worrying cares ;
Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
His most of all whose kingdom is a school.
Supreme he sits ; before the awful frown
That bends his brows the boldest eye goes down ;
Not more submissive Israel heard and saw
At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law.

Less stern he seems, who sits in equal state
On the twin throne and shares the empire's weight ;
Around his lips the subtle life that plays
Steals quaintly forth in many a jesting phrase ;
A lightsome nature, not so hard to chafe,
Pleasant when pleased ; rough-handled, not so safe ;
Some tingling memories vaguely I recall,
But to forgive him. God forgive us all !

One yet remains, whose well-remembered name
Pleads in my grateful heart its tender claim ;
His was the charm magnetic, the bright look
That sheds its sunshine on the dreariest book ;
A loving soul to every task he brought
That sweetly mingled with the love he taught ;
Sprung from a saintly race that never could
From youth to age be anything but good,
His few brief years in holiest labours spent,
Earth lost too soon the treasure heaven had lent.
Kindest of teachers, studious to divine
Some hint of promise in my earliest line,
These faint and faltering words thou can'st not hear
Throb from a heart that holds thy memory dear.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE OLD HOUSE-MASTER

“ The blood ran red in these young brains and limbs,
Clear-eyed and laughing, lovers of the day,
They played their games, and worked, and sang their hymns,
Finished their course, and passed upon their way.
Now they have died, and nought remains of all
That spring of life in which they had their part,
But names half-carved, and portraits on the wall,
And memories of laughter in the heart.”

So muses he upon his boyish dead,
Through the dumb night, while others in their prime,
His youthful England, slumber overhead ;
Then shuts the book upon his knee unread,
And lights his candle for the thousandth time,
And climbs along his creaky way to bed.

J. L. CROMMELIN-BROWN

THE SCHOOLMEN

Is Life so earnest when we strive
To keep such little worlds alive ?
When all the good that we can bring
Moves round in such a narrow ring ?

Or should our humour bid us look,
And, smiling, drop both ball and book,
And mock the time-worn desks and shelves
And these sad models of ourselves ?

'Tis said the lesson and the game,
Will both be very much the same,
No matter who shall show them how,
Another hundred years from now.

Why, then, the flurry ? Why the rod,
Since all must end beneath the sod ?
Why build a world of seething sound
To make the same old wheels go round ?

So some have reasoned—weary souls
Who reckon life in runs and goals ;
Embittered men, in search of truth,
Lose sight of beauty, song, and youth.

Who spot the verb and stop the ball
Shall say if England stand or fall ;
And those who sneer at love and strife
Have yet to learn to laugh at life.

G. D. MARTINEAU

THE SCHOOLMASTER

Sail your argosies far and near,
Build a high-way and harvest a fen,
Raise your derricks and rig your gear—
But I make men.

Toil at the loom, the bench, the mart,
Wield a hammer, or write with a pen,
Mine is to fashion the human heart—
For I make men.

Of babies born and of cradled joys,
Of lads that look with a wakening ken,
Of God's own infinite files of boys
Do I make men.

When as a scroll the land and sea
Pass, and the books be opened, then
God in mercy be kind to me—
For I made men.

C. S. HOLDER

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry ;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long thin hair was as white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye ;
And he sang every night as he went to bed—
" Let us be happy down here below !
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"—
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history, too ;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew :
" Learn while you're young ! " he often said,
" There is much to enjoy down here below ;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead ! "
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones ;

The rod was hardly known in his school . . .
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
 And too hard for his poor old bones ;
Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said :
 “ We should make life pleasant, down here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,”—
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
 With roses and woodbine over the door ;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
 And made him forget he was old and poor ;
“ I need so little,”—he often said ;
 “ And my friends and relations here below
Won’t litigate over me when I am dead,”—
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times that he had, of all,
 Were the sociable hours he used to pass
With his chair tipp’d back to a neighbour’s wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
 Over a pipe and a friendly glass :
This was the finest pleasure, he said,
 Of the many he tasted, here below ;
“ Who has no cronies, had better be dead ! ”
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue’s wrinkled face
 Melted all over in sunshiny smiles ;
He stirr’d his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled, and sipp’d, and prattled apace,
 Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles :
“ I’m a pretty old man”—he gently said—
 “ I have linger’d a long while here below ;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled ! ”
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
 Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind play’d in his silvery hair,
Leaving his tenderest kisses there,
 On the jolly old pedagogue’s jolly old crown :

And, feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said,
'Twas a glorious world, down here below ;
" Why wait for happiness till we are dead ? "
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odourous night-wind whispered—" Rest ! "
Gently, gently, he bow'd his head. . . .
There were angels waiting for him, I know ;
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,—
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

GEORGE ARNOLD

THE EAGLE FLOWN

From " Dr. Linkletter's Scholar "

I was his master ; and from me
He learnt at a sitting his A. B. C. :
And step by step I led him through
Grammar and History, Latin and Greek,
And the science of Form and Number too,
And Rhetoric that he might fitly speak
As only the well-trained orator can,
For speech is the noblest gift of man ;
But speech that is not by the laws and books
Is but as the cawing of jays and rooks,
Or the meaningless babble of running brooks :
And from the first it was plain to me
What his *role* in the world must be.

Therefore I follow his proud success,
Day by day, as he rises higher,
Read what he says in the public Press,
And note what the critics all admire ;
And this bit and that which the whole world praises
For its lofty thought, or its happy phrases,

Or its insight clear, or the counsel wise
That in its large suggestion lies—
I could not have said it so well as he,
But I know there is something in it of me ;
I could not have worked out so perfect a thought,
But I gave him at first the true key-note ;
For I was his master, and from me
He learnt, as I told you, his A. B. C.

(*But the loved and brilliant scholar has flown high : as a successful and famous barrister, he writes but little to his old instructor, into whose soul the iron enters as he sits and thinks in the evenings.*)

If he would only, now and then,
Drop me a hasty scrap of his pen,
When he has leisure to write, and can !
It's hardly reasonable, I know,
In me to be looking for that, although
I spent the wealth of my life on him
And all the knowledge of studious years,
And filled his cup as it were to the brim
With the lore that now in his life appears.
But what of that, Sir ? And what had I
Been but a grave to bury it in,
Were it not for the scholar I trained to fly
With the bravest of them that mount up high
Riches and honour and fame to win ?
And he has won them, and shall win yet
The ermined robe and the coronet,
And a noble name, and mine shall be
Blended with his, too, in history.
And I've thought, now and then, in that coming day,
When they talk of us, they will maybe say
I was the Moses that saw the Lord,
He but the Aaron that gave the word.
But that is when I am vain and proud,
And sit by the fire, and think aloud,
Wondering why he only writes
A scrap to say that he has no time ;
And I'm ready to think that is nearly a crime,

As I brood and fret through the long dull nights.
But I ought to be grateful, indeed, that he
Finds even a moment to think of me,
With his hands so full, and his mind so strained,
And the splendid place by his genius gained ;
For they say he is not more in request

At the Courts of Law than in stately Halls,
Where his wit has made him a welcome guest,
And beauty swims through its routs and balls.

Ay, ay ! and still I am sitting alone
Among the old books by the old hearth-stone.
But I do not grudge him ; I only hope,
When his cup is full, he will spill me a drop,
For my work is done, and my days are dim,
And my heart grows thirsty to hear from him,
As the shadows of the Eternal fold
Around my head that is grey and old.

WALTER C. SMITH

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER

They'm leaving nothing old, excep' a fu ol' men the like o' me,
And us be feeling out o' place in a' this jimcrack company.
Us be forgot and unbeknown ; there's nothing left for us to du
But get away to Kingdom come, and let um make the world anu.

They think us proper natterals ; it midden be polite to say
In reasonable language what us sometimes come to think of they.
The maidens and the nappers what I eddicated to the skule,
They think their ol' skulemaister now na better than a knaw-nort
fule.

They've got a gert nu school-'ouse now, an' taich a mighty lot o'
truck,
Wi' algybries and chimistries tu babbies hardly left tu suck.
They gives a deal o' skuling there—they chuck 'm full o' facks, na
doubt,
But eddication is a thing they dawn't a-zim to know about.

There's many a napper shude a' helped his father tu tha farming-work,
As thinks 'eeself tu gude fer that, and must be what they calls a
clark ;
But what the gude o' skuling is I nivver could pretend tu see,
Unless it fits a bwoy to full the corner where his duty be.

An' for the maids, they taiches them tha mattyatics an' pianner,
I reckon vittels bean't a-cuked no longer in the gude ol' manner ;
Tha ninny-hammer guses now just turn wi' mimpsy-pimsy scorn
An' proudness from the wholesome lives their poor ol' mawthers
lived avorin.

Avore they had the Boord-skule built, when I wuz maister tu tha
skule,
I taiched um how to read an' write, and 'rithmetic by simple rule ;
No jomettries and algybries—I taiched according tu my light,
Tu worship God and shame tha dowl, tu speake tha truth and du tha
right.

They didden larn for ornament—they larned for use and daily toil ;
They larned that hands be made for work and feet must sometimes
take a soil.

Tu train tha 'art is guder far than simply eddicate tha mind ;
I've nort against the Skule-boord if it makes tha chillern gude an'
kind.

God bless tha little bwoys an' maids ! I wuz a father tu um all ;
I often sits an' thinks o' mun, what time the dimpsy-shadows fall ;
I bean't a married man, yu see, and now that I be old an' grey
I miss the rowstering bwoys an' girls—I miss um more than I can
say.

I often sits an' thinks o' mun. Tu me they'm always girls an'
bwoys,
Wi' cheeks so red as quarrenders,¹ an' purty lukes an' merry noise.
They'm all grown men an' women now, and some be gone across tha
sea,
An' some be in their churchyard-beds ; they'm always bwoys an'
girls tu me.

¹ "Quarrenders": A kind of apple.

They tell me if I tried tu pass tha 'zamminations tu tha skule
I'd just be in tha hinfants' class an' sit upon the dunce's stule.
Ah, well, I nivver did profess such power o' intellecks as some,
An' jommetries wunt be no use when I be gone tu Kingdom come.

Y'u'll think I be a doting fule, a-glumping 'cause I'm left alone ;
But I'm no longer maister now, and I've no chillern o' me own.
'Tis time for going home-along. There's nothing left for me tu du
In this desaytful wheelding world, where they be making all things
nu.

ARTHUR L. SALMON

TERENCE MACRAN'S HEDGE-SCHOOL

An old man of Mayo is speaking to a neighbour outside the new village school.

I

Sure I won'er what Terence Macran 'ud ha' said to it now, he that
had
Our ould school, and the on'y one sivin mile round us, when I was a
lad.
Och the devil a table or a formm you'd ha' found in the classes he
kep'.
But the highest ould thatch iver strahed an' the widest ould flure
iver swep'.
Terence had : for his school was out yonder above on the side of
the hill,
All the same all these years ; I could show you the place he'd be
sittin' in still.
If you take up the grass-slope behind us, an' folly along be the path
Till the dyke cuts across it, and slip down the hollow, you're in the
ould Rath.¹
It's many a time I've throoped off there along wid the other
gossoons,
And it's many a time we come late, mitchin' round to go pick
musheroons,

¹ " Rath " : In Ireland is a prehistoric fortification consisting of a rampart of earth enclosing a hollow space such as would form a sort of amphitheatre — a good site for an open-air school.

While ould Terence was sittin' as cross as a weasel up undher the hedge,
Till we'd come wid our turves and our *Readin'-made-aisys*. The bank round the edge
Of the Rath's mostly planted wid furzes an' blackthorns, an' furze for a screen
Is worth double of thorns, that be shady an' plisant as long as they're green,
But no better in winther than crooky dark claws makin' grabs in the air,
Whin the furze 'ill be thick as a stook of good thatch ivery day of the year.
So we'd git a grand shelter ; but sure, since their iligant school-house was built,
If you bid them sit out on the hillside, they'd think they were murdhered an' kilt.

II

And 'twas could enough whiles, wid the pours overhead, and the wet undher fut,
Or frost white on the grass, or black clouds peltin' hail stones as big as a nut.
Yet the bitterest blast iver blew maybe'd do you a rael good turn,
If you'd come to a bit in your spellin' you'd niver been bothered to learn,
For 'twas quare if you couldn't conthrive, wid the wind to lay hould of your laves—
Our ould books did be always in flitters—and sthrew them about like wretched shaves,
So afore you'd done skytin' to gather the lot litthered round on the grass,
He'd be apt to ha' tuk up wid somebody else and let your lesson pass.

Thin if Terence had e'er a quick lad that 'ud learn at the divil's own pace,
It's discoorsin' they'd stay half the day, till you'd think their two heads 'ud be dazed,
And he'd clane forgot iveryone else. So the rest of us done what we plased.

III

An' the next best to that he'd be plased wid a lot of us squattin'
together,
Hummin—buzzin' away at our book like the bees in the bloom of
the heather,
For he liked a big school, tho' it's many a time 'ud he vow an'
declare
That poor Thady the Fool had more wit than the most of what
boshoons came there.

And a dacint ould innicint crathur, that couldn't ha' tould his own
name,
Was poor Thady. I dunno what notion of schoolin' he had, but he
came,
And wid e'er an ould lafe he could hould upside-down it's contented
he'd sit
By the hour ; he was wishful to learn, Terence said, if he'd on'y
the wit.

IV

'Twas one day he caught cowld sittin' out there above, and it teeming
wid rain,
'Cause Pat Blake, that was great at his figures, kep' axin' him things
to explain ;
So he outs wid his bit of white chalk, and all sorts of consthructions
he draws
On the smooth of the earth where the grass-sods were cut up in
patches for scraws ;
And he sted there discoorsin' away wid his lines and his circles an'
such,
No more heedin' the wet than a speckle-faced sheep, or not maybe
so much,
But that's how he got fairly disthroyed in his chest wid a quare
furrin cowld ;
If it's ouldish he was lyin' down, up he riz agin oulder than ould,

Not the same man at all was he, body an' bones, but grown feeble
an' failed,
An' that moidhered an' strange, he was wrong in his head whatsoiver
he ailed.
For he'd often forget what he meant to ha' said, whin he'd scarcely
begun,
Or he'd sit in a maze takin' no sort of heed what we left or we done.
So thin after a bit whin we all of us seen he was able for naught,
Musha, where was the sinse of our wastin' our time lettin' on to be
taught ?
An' there prisenly wasn't a scholar he had, but kep' stayin' away.
Still ould Terence 'ud come to the Rath, and he'd bide there the
len'th o' the day,
Lookin' out for his school, that came next him nor nigh him as long
as he'd wait,
And he frettin' belike to himself, and a-wond'rin' what made us so
late.
Ne'er a fut he'd stir home while the sun shone above him to light
him a hope,
Till the hill-shadow laned o'er the glen, an' crawled up to his feet
on the slope ;
And he'd off wid him thin to a shielin' near by, where a lodgin' he
had,
Clane disheartened he'd be wid it all, some one tould me, he thought
it so bad.

v

But one evenin' be chance young Pat Blake, and meself was
stravadin' around,
And we come where you look down above the ould Rath from a high
bit of ground ;
And sure there was ould Terence himself sittin' still on the watch
for his school,
An' the sorra a sowl in it, on'y fornint him jist Thady the Fool,
That had got some ould wisp of a book he was houldin' and hummin'
galore,
Tho' he couldn't conthrive, do his best, what 'ud aquil the couple
of score
Would be in it somewhiles. And I doubt but ould Terence was
vexed in his mind
To be missin' the rest of us all for no raison he iver could find ;

'Deed it's rael discouraged he was, you might see, and 'most ready
to cry,
Sittin' there wid himself and his throubles out undher the width of
the sky,
An' naught heedin' unless 'twas the win' that wint rufflin' his hair
white as down
On the head of an ould dandelion set round in a fluff like a crown.
So Pat watched him awhile, and " Ma sowl from the devil," he sez
aisy and low,
" It's poor Thady the Fool has more sinse than us all." And sez I :
" He has so."
An' sez Pat : " Well ould Terence to-morra," sez he, " Be the
powers of smoke,
He'll be taichin' a big school whatever, or else somebodies' heads
'ill get broke."

VI

An' next morning he planned it. Himself was the up-standin'
fair-spoken lad,
So a many 'ud do aught he axed thim ; but if he was crossed, he'd
be mad,
So the others 'ud do what he bid thim. That's how be some manner
of manes
He got plinty of spalpeens persuaded, an' throopin' along up the
lanes
To th' ould school at the Rath. Such a power, sure, of scholars as
niver was seen,
And we all brought our *Readin'-made-aisys*, an' squatted around on
the green.
And our turf-sods we piled in a sizeable stack there be Terence's
place,
Where he sat quite contint—ay bedad, he'd scarce room on the
whole of his face
For the smile at the sight of us all, and the sound of us dronin'
away.
" Whethen childher, you're great at the learnin'," sez he, " and
industhrious this day."
He said that, ma'am, and school breakin' up, whin the sunset was
red on the air.
And next day not a one of us all, but was glad we'd had wit to go
there ;

For his folk thought he'd on'y slep' on a bit late, lyin' still in his
bed ;
But we'd plase him no more in this world—rest his sowl—sure the
ould crathur was dead.

JANE BARLOW

§ 2 REAL MEN

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL

Where are those honours, Ida ! once your own,
When Probus¹ fill'd your magisterial throne ?
As ancient Rome, fast falling to disgrace,
Hail'd a barbarian in her Cæsar's place,
So you, degenerate, share as hard a fate,
And seat Pomposus² where your Probus sate.
Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower soul
Pomposus holds you in his harsh control ;
Pomposus, by no social virtue sway'd,
With florid jargon, and with vain parade ;
With noisy nonsense and new fangled rules,
Such as were ne'er before enforced in schools,
Mistaking pedantry for learning's laws,
He governs, sanction'd but by self-applause :
With him the same dire fate attending Rome,
Ill-fated Ida ! soon must stamp your doom :
Like her o'erthrown, for ever lost to fame,
No trace of science left you, but the name.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

¹ "Probus": This was Dr. Drury, Head of Harrow, 1785-1805. He was greatly liked by Byron, who says in his Diary: "He was the best, the kindest (and yet strict, too) friend I ever had; and I look upon him still as a father." And again, in a note to "Childe Harold": "If ever this imperfect record of my feelings towards him should reach his eyes, let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but with gratitude and veneration—of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if, by more closely following his instructions, he could reflect any honour upon his instructor."

² "Pomposus": This was Dr. Butler, whose appointment as Drury's successor was deeply resented by Byron, who led a strong opposition to him. It is fair to say that Byron wrote that he had been sorry ever since. They were reconciled before he went to Greece, fully and manfully, and in any later edition of his work, Byron had intended to substitute for these present lines a frank avowal of his error and his fault.

EUGENE ARAM

From "The Dream of Eugene Aram"

Aram was a real character. The murder of one Daniel Clarke at Knaresborough was traced to him, and he was arrested fourteen years after at Lynn Academy, where he was a very popular usher. Hood has taken considerable liberties with the story.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school :
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin ;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drove the wickets in :
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can ;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease :
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide :
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp,
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp :
“ O God ! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp ! ”

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo ! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book !

“ My gentle lad, what is’t you read,—
Romance or fairy fable ?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable ? ”
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
“ It is ‘ The Death of Abel ’.”

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again ;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain ;

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain :
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain !

“ And well,” quoth he, “ I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life’s sacred stream !
For why ? Methought last night I wrought
A murder, in a dream ! ”

THOMAS HOOD

ARNOLD OF RUGBY

From "Rugby Chapel"

But thou would'st not *alone*
Be saved, my father ! *alone*
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm !
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself ;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd ! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone ;
Pure souls honoured and blest
By former ages, who else—
Such, so soulless, so poor,
Is the race of men whom I see—
Seem'd but a dream of the heart,
Seem'd but a cry of desire.
Yes ! I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
Not like the men of the crowd
Who all round me to-day
Bluster or cringe, and make life
Hideous, and arid, and vile ;
But souls temper'd with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind.

Servants of God!—or sons
Shall I not call you?—because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind,
His, who unwillingly sees
One of his little ones lost—
Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

The late A. C. Benson was a very popular and successful master at Eton. His recently published Diary gives a too modest idea of his career at Eton.

Friend, “He shall reign who wonders,” is it so?
Then you have made us kings, who thrilled to hear
Your golden legends, as you brought so near
The shadowy past, and left our hearts aglow.
And all, to whom you gave the wish to know
Realms undivided, because you held them dear,
Quickened to love and trust and persevere,
Would thank you once to-day before you go.
And yet because your every thought was kind,
And you, alike to age and youth allied,
Believed the good, to which our eyes were blind,
Inspired the peace our petty lives belied,
Friend, of the liberal and the loving mind,
'Tis only we that pass, but you abide.

HUGH MACNAGHTEN

TO MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER

Whittier went to school at Haverhill, Mass. The Hon. Albert L. Bartlett, of Haverhill, Mass., kindly informs me that the master was Joshua Coffin, who became Whittier's personal friend, inspiring the future

poet with his readings of Burns. He was later Town Clerk and Justice at Newbury, Mass., 1850-1855.

Old friend, kind friend ! lightly down
Drop time's snowflakes on thy crown !
Never be thy shadow less,
Never fail thy cheerfulness.

I, the urchin unto whom,
In that smoked and dingy room,
Where the district gave thee rule
O'er its ragged winter school,
Thou didst teach the mysteries
Of those weary A, B, C's,—
Where, to fill the every pause
Of thy wise and learned saws,
Through the cracked and crazy wall
Came the cradle-rock and squall,
And the goodman's voice, at strife
With his shrill and tipsy wife,—
Luring us by stories old,
With a comic unction told,
More than by the eloquence
Of terse birchen arguments
(Doubtful gain, I fear), to look
With complacence on a book !—
Where the genial pedagogue
Half forgot his rogues to flog,
Citing tale or apologue,
Wise and merry in its drift
As old Phaedrus'¹ two-fold gift,
Had the little rebels known it,
Risum et prudentiam monet !
I,—the man of middle years.
In whose sable locks appears
Many a warning fleck of gray,
Looking back to that far day,
And thy primal lessons, feel
Grateful smiles my lips unseal,

¹"Phædrus": He was a Latin poet who was famous for witty and satirical translations and adaptations of "Æsop's Fables."

As, remembering thee, I blend
Olden teacher, present friend,
Wise with antiquarian search,
In the scrolls of State and Church ;
Named on history's title-page,
Parish clerk and justice sage ;
For the ferule's wholesome awe
Wielding now the sword of law.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

EPITAPH ON JOSHUA COFFIN

“ Teacher and Christian, rest !
Thy threescore years and ten,
Thy work of tongue and pen,
May well abide the test
Of love to God and men !
Here let thy pupils pause, and let the slave
Smooth with free hands thy grave.”

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

ACADEMUS

The very fine character that here speaks has been well expressed in a crowded-out poem by Newbolt :

“ Beyond the book his teaching sped,
He left on whom he taught the trace
Of kinship with the deathless dead,
And faith in all the Island Race.”

Perhaps there's neither tear nor smile
When once beyond the grave.
Woe's me ; but let me live meanwhile
Amongst the bright and brave ;

My summers lapse away beneath
Their cool Athenian shade :
And I a string for myrtle-wreath,
A whetstone unto blade ;

I cheer the games I cannot play ;
As stands a crippled squire
To watch his master through the fray,
Uplifted by desire.

The quenchless hope, the honest choice,
The self-reliant pride,
The music of the pleading voice
That will not be denied,

The wonder flushing in the cheek,
The questions many a score,
When I grow eloquent, and speak
Of England, and of war—

Oh, better than the world of dress,
And pompous dining-out,
Better than simpering and finesse
Is all this stir and rout.

I'll borrow life, and not grow old ;
And nightingales and trees
Shall keep me, though the veins be cold,
As young as Sophocles.

And when I may no longer live,
They'll say who know the truth,
He gave whate'er he had to give
To freedom and to youth.

WILLIAM JOHNSON (WILLIAM CORY)

Mr. Macnaghten writes : " Henry Elford Luxmore was the last and greatest representative of the Eton house tutors of the last thirty years of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. He died November 11th, 1926, at the age of 85. He had been at Eton, man and boy, for nearly 70 years."

Because we found you Spartan, equal, stern ;
Because in yonder schoolroom, thanks to you,
We paid the uttermost farthing that was due,
And learnt it was a noble thing to learn ;
Because we proved you watchful to discern
Our feeble aspirations, all too few ;
Because our eyes a little clearer grew,
Because our hearts awoke to feel and burn :
Therefore the faithful service stands approved,
The truth prevails, the best has come to be,
And he who laboured most is most beloved ;
Therefore the Founder, could we hear and see,
Speaks even now, with hands in blessing moved,
" Thank you, my son, for all you did for me."

HUGH MACNAGHTEN

DR. GEORGE RIDDING

He was an energetic and able Head of Winchester School (1866-1884). The School owes much to the reforming zeal of her son—he was born at the School—and the Riddings Field, with other improvements, perpetuates his memory. In 1884 he became the first Bishop of Southwell, and died in 1904.

Patient Contender for the True and Just,
With grief acquainted but still unsubdued,
Winner of many a young heart's love and trust
Ere Winchester from thee her parting rued.

The wrestling winds of thought thy mind had felt,
Gnarled was the slow-grown fibre of thy speech,
Yet in thy sterling voice Truth's spirit dwelt.
And the deep places of our soul could reach.

With face uplifted as a swimmer's thou
Wast ever striking for the further shore ;
Ah ! since thy feet have touched it, leave us now
One message ere we see thy face no more.

—*To take the joy God sends you think not scorn,
Watchful but free Youth's revelling moment spend,
Then girt with strength upon the coming morn
Your battle fight and fight it to the end.*

LAURA ELIZABETH RIDDING

ODE TO A SCHOOLMASTER

Rowe (1657-1705) was tutor at Newington and at Clapham. He was an early exponent in England of the liberal ideas in Science of Descartes and Locke, as against the discredited scholasticism of formal logic. It is often forgotten that Watts was a logician of no mean merit, his book being a sometime standard at Oxford.

To the much honoured Mr. Thomas Rowe, on Free Philosophy

Custom, that Tyranness of Fools
That leads the Learned round the Schools
In magic Chains of Forms and Rules !
My Genius storms her Throne :
No more, ye Slaves, with Awe profound
Beat the dull Track, nor dance the Round :
Loose Hands, and quit th' enchanted Ground,
Knowledge invites us each alone.

I hate these Shacklers of the mind
Forg'd by the haughty wise ;
Souls were not born to be confin'd
And led like Sampson blind and bound ;
But when his native Strength he found
He well aveng'd his Eyes.

I love thy gentle Influence, Rowe,
Thy gentle Influence like the Sun
Only dissolves the frozen Snow,
Then bids our Thoughts like Rivers flow,
And chuse the Channels where they run.

Thoughts should be free as Fire or Wind ;
The Pinions of a single Mind
Will thro' all Nature fly :
But who can drag up to the Poles
Long fetter'd Ranks of Leaden Souls ?
My Genius which no Chain controuls
Roves with Delight, or deep or high :
Swift I survey the Globe around,
Dive to the Centre thro' the solid Ground,
Or travel o'er the Sky.

ISAAC WATTS

JOHN SOWERBY

Sowerby was a very popular house-master for many years at Marlborough

Oh, grey old " Noggs," loved, honoured, and revered,
My mental eye perceives thy hoary beard,
Thy ancient nose, thy silver-sandy hair,
Thy eyes that watch me with paternal care.
Long may'st thou grant me endless " leaves off school,"
And pardon each transgression of a rule !
Long may I hear thee in thine own strange way
Remark with curious fervour, " Oh, I s-a-y."

Once on a time, men say, in days of yore,
A " booby-trap " was set above the door ;
It was not meant for him—they deemed that he
Was seated at his solitary tea.
Some chance did animate his restless toe
Too early round the dormitories to go ;
Scarce had he crossed the threshold—on his crown
A mighty dictionary came thundering down,

While here and there the frightened culprits ran,
Exclaiming breathlessly, " By Jove, the Man ! "
Did he rush at them with resistless might,
Or give them several hundred lines to write ?
By no means. Turning round as one amazed,
Grimly around the darkened room he gazed,
And said, while picking up his battered cap,
" You people can't half set a booby-trap."

And when the poor delinquents on the morrow
Went to him to express their contrite sorrow,
He sniffed a kindly sniff, and scratched his head,
And then with mild benignity he said,
“ I might have had concussion of the brain,
But well—I hope it won’t occur again ! ”

A. C. HILTON

MATTHEW

I am greatly indebted to the Rev. F. D. Stones, Vicar of Hawkeshead, for the following notes on “ Matthew ” and the subsequent poems by Wordsworth :

“ There can be no doubt whatever that the poems all refer to Hawkeshead School. The old Grammar School was unfortunately closed, owing to lack of pupils, some years ago. The tablet, so called, is still in the old School building here. It contains a list of former headmasters of the School, but the list is incomplete. It is generally supposed that Wordsworth was referring to Rev. William Taylor in ” (these poems). “ There are obvious difficulties, however, for Taylor was headmaster for four years only (1782-1786) and died at the early age of 32. His grave is at Cartmel Priory, and W. mentions a visit, which he paid to it in 1792, in the Prelude, Book XI, 11530 ff. It is clear, therefore, that Matthew—though the character was no doubt suggested by William Taylor—is not in detail a portrait of him. ‘ Matthew,’ e.g. in the ‘ Address ’ dies white-haired and 72 years old. W. was a boy of 16, still at school, when Taylor died. ‘ The Dirge,’ though apparently referring to Matthew, seems to have Reginald Braithwaite in view. He was Vicar of Hawkeshead for 48 years, and died an old man much beloved, in 1809. There is a meml. tablet to him in the Church here, where he was buried.”

Wordsworth’s note at the head of these verses reads :

“ In the school of —— is a tablet, on which are inscribed, in gilt letters, the names of the several persons who have been school-masters there since the foundation of the school, with the time at which they entered upon and quitted their office. Opposite one of these names the author wrote the following lines :

Read o’er these lines ; and then review
This tablet that thus humbly rears
In such diversity of hue
Its history of two hundred years.

When through this little wreck of fame,
Cipher and syllable, thine eye
Has travelled down to Matthew's name,
Pause with no common sympathy.

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,
Then be it neither checked nor stayed :
For Matthew a request I make
Which for himself he had not made.

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,
Is silent as a standing pool :
Far from the chimney's merry roar,
And murmur of the village school.

The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs
Of one tired out with fun and madness ;
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes,
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up—
He felt with spirit so profound.

Thou soul of God's best earthly mould !
Thou happy soul ! and can it be
That these two words of glittering gold
Are all that must remain of thee ?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ADDRESS TO SCHOLARS OF A VILLAGE SCHOOL

I come, ye little noisy Crew,
Not long your pastime to prevent ;
I heard the blessing which to you
Our common Friend and Father sent.
I kissed his cheek before he died ;
And when his breath was fled,
I raised, while kneeling by his side,
His hand :—it dropped like lead.

Your hands, dear Little-ones, do all
That can be done, will never fall
Like his till they are dead.
By night or day blow foul or fair,
Ne'er will the best of all your train
Play with the locks of his white hair,
Or stand between his knees again.

Here did he sit confined for hours ;
But he could see the woods and plains,
Could hear the wind and mark the showers
Come streaming down the streaming panes.
Now stretched beneath his grass-green mound
He rests a prisoner of the ground.
He loved the breathing air,
He loved the sun, but if it rise
Or set, to him where now he lies,
Brings not a moment's care.
Alas ! what idle words ; but take
The Dirge which for our Master's sake
And yours, love prompted me to make.
The rhymes so homely in attire
With learned ears may ill agree,
But chanted by your orphan quire
Will make a touching melody.

THE DIRGE

Mourn, Shepherd, near thy old grey stone ;
Thou Angler, by the silent flood ;
And mourn when thou art all alone,
Thou Woodman, in the distant wood.

Thou one blind Sailor, rich in joy
Though blind, thy tunes in sadness hum ;
And mourn, thou poor half-witted Boy !
Born deaf, and living deaf and dumb.

Thou drooping sick Man, bless the Guide
Who checked or turned thy headstrong youth,

As he before had sanctified
Thy infancy with heavenly truth.

Ye Striplings, light of heart and gay,
Bold settlers on some foreign shore,
Give, when your thoughts are turned this way,
A sigh to him whom we deplore.

For us who here in funeral strain
With one accord our voices raise,
Let sorrow overcharged with pain
Be lost in thankfulness and praise.

And when our hearts shall feel a sting
From ill we meet or good we miss,
May touches of his memory bring
Fond healing, like a mother's kiss.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S GRAVE

Long time his pulse hath ceased to beat
But benefits, his gift, we trace—
Expressed in every eye we meet
Round this dear Vale, his native place.

To stately Hall and Cottage rude
Flowed from his life what still they hold,
Light pleasures every day renewed ;
And blessings half a century old.

Oh true of heart, of spirit gay,
Thy faults, where not already gone
From memory, prolong their stay,
For charity's sweet sake alone.

Such solace find we for our loss ;
And what beyond this thought we crave
Comes in the promise from the Cross,
Shining upon thy happy grave.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

NICHOLAS UDALL ON TUSSER

Udall, author of our earliest English comedy, "Ralph Roister-Doister," was no comedian at school. He was Head of Eton in Tusser's time, and gained a name for enthusiasm in punishing. I have therefore taken the obvious liberty of inverting the correct title for this extract.

From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me
At once I had ;
For fault but small, or not at all,
It came to pass, thus beat I was ;
See, Udall see, the mercy of thee
To me, poor lad.

THOMAS TUSSER

III
THE BOYS

§ I WHITE

THE SCHOOLBOY OF ANTIOCH

From "The Prioress's Tale"

"Antioch" is a mere guess. Chaucer says a great city "in Asie." The story of a little Christian boy killed by Jews is told of many children at Lincoln, Paris, Trent, Milan, and Berne. See "The Jew's Daughter" in the Percy Tales, and Baring Gould's "Historic Oddities and Strange Events." Wordsworth has a version of Chaucer's story.

A litel scole of Cristen folk ther stood
Doun at the ferther ende, in which ther were
Children an hepe comen of Cristen blood,
That lerned in that scole yere by yere,
Swiche manere doctrine as men used there :
This is to say, to singen and to rede,
As smale children don inhir childhede.

Among thise children was a widewes sone,
A litel clergion,¹ sevene yere of age,
That day by day to scole was his wone,
And eke also, wheras he sey the image
Of Cristes moder, had he in usage,
As him was taught, to knele adown, and say
Ave Marie, as he goth by the way.

.
This litel childe his litel book lerning,
As he sate in the scole at his primere,
He *Alma redemptoris* herde sing,
As children lerid hir antiphonere ;
And as he dorst, he drow him nere and nere,
And herkened ay the wordes and the note,
Til he the firste vers coude al by rote.

Nought wist he what this Latin was to say
For he so yonge and tendre was of age ;
But on a day his felaw gan he pray
To expounden him this song in his langage,
Or telle him why this song was in usage :

¹ "Clergion": Choir-boy.

This prayde he him to construe and declare,
Ful often time upon his knees bare.

His felaw, which that elder was than he,
Answer'd him thus : This song, I have herd say
Was maked of our blisful Lady fre,
Hire toalue, and eke hire for to prey
To ben our help, and socour whan we day.
I can no more expound in this matere :
I lerne song, I can but smal grammere.¹

And is this song maked in reverence
Of Cristes moder ? said this innocent ;
Now certes I wol don my diligence
To conne it all, or Cristemassee be went,
Though that I for my primer shal be shent,²
And shal be betin thries in an houre,
I wol it conne, our Ladie for to honoure.

His felaw taught him homeward prively
Fro day to day, til he coude it by rote,
And than he song it wel and boldely
Fro word to word according with the note :
Twies a day it passed thurgh his throte,
To scoleward and homeward whan he wente
On Cristes moder set was his entente.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

THE PLUM CAKE

" Oh ! I've got a plum-cake, and a feast let us make ;
Come, schoolfellows, come at my call ;
I assure you 'tis nice, and we'll each have a slice,
Here's more than enough for us all."

Thus said little Jack, as he gave it a smack,
And sharpened his knife to begin ;
Nor was there one found, upon the playground,
So cross that he would not come in.

¹ " I can but smal grammere " : My colleagues will know this boy well.

² " Shent " : Scolded.

With masterly strength he cut through it at length
And gave to each playmate a share ;
Charles, William, and James, and many more names,
Partook his benevolent care.

And when it was done, and they'd finished their fun,
To marbles or hoop they went back ;
And each little boy felt it always a joy,
To do a good turn for good Jack.

In his task and his book, his best pleasures he took,
And as he thus wisely began,
Since he's been a man grown he has constantly shown
That a good boy will make a good man.

JANE TAYLOR

"ONE OF THE HEBREWS' CHILDREN"

I dreamed, and lo, I saw a shepherd-lad
Well-favoured, ruddy, on Judean hills
Hymning the starry finger-work of God—
A lad that I could love across the years.

I dreamed, and lo, I saw that Temple-child
Of God besought, on God again bestowed,
All eager answering to the midnight call—
And, back of Time, I loved that little lad.

I wakened, and he sate before my feet—
Black curls and comely, but upon his cheek
The blossom that bespake the Northern sky—
In whom I loved the singer and the seer.

C. S. HOLDER

A STUDY OF BOYHOOD

The D.N.B. says : "Cory has a permanent and exceptional place among English lyrists as the singer of the affection of a teacher for his pupils."

So young, and yet so worn with pain !
No sign of youth upon that stooping head,

Save weak half-curls, like beechen boughs that spread
With up-turned edge to catch the hurrying rain ;

Such little lint-white locks, as wound
About a mother's fingers long ago,
When he was blither, not more dear, for woe
Was then far off, and other sons stood round.

And she has wept since then with him
Watching together, where the ocean gave
To her child's counted breathings wave for wave,
Whilst the heart fluttered, and the eye grew dim.

And when the sun and day-breeze fell,
She kept with him the vigil of despair ;
Knit hands for comfort, blended sounds of prayer,
Saw him at dawn face death, and take farewell ;

Saw him grow holier through his grief,
The early grief that lined his withering brow,
As one by one her stars were quenched. And now
He that so mourned can play, though life is brief ;

Not gay, but gracious ; plain of speech,
And freely kindling under beauty's ray,
He dares to speak of what he loves : to-day
He talked of art, and led me on to teach,

And glanced, as poets glance, at pages
Full of bright Florence and warm Umbrian skies ;
Not slighting modern greatness, for the wise
Can sort the treasures of the circling ages ;

Not echoing the sickly praise,
Which boys repeat, who hear a father's guest
Prate of the London show-rooms ; what is best
He firmly lights upon, as birds on sprays ;

All honest, and all delicate :
No room for flattery, no smiles that ask
For tender pleasantries, no looks that mask
The genial impulses of love and hate.

Oh bards that call to bank and glen,
Ye bid me go to nature to be healed !
And lo ! a purer fount is here revealed :
 My lady-nature dwells in heart of men.

THE BRIGHT BOY

Presumably "Hendyng" would tell us: "I may teach a keen lad a little, but if I do not go further he will want to learn more and more; a keen lad makes rapid progress."

One need not point out that a "sely" child is a good or well-behaved one, as in the saying "Silly Sussex."

"The Proverbs of Hendyng" is an anonymous book of about 1300.

Me may lere a sely fode
That is ever toward gode
With a lutel lore ;
Yef me nul him forther teche,
Thenne is kerte wol creche
Forte lerne more,
Sely chyld is sone ylered : Ouoth Hendyng

"HENDYNG."

THE BOY POET

So then, that is your ambition,
Donald of the quiet ways?
And I think you have a mission
For the future days.

You would be a poet-singer,
Donald of the silver-voice ?
You would be a comfort-bringer,
Make the world rejoice ?

You would see the heavens riven,
Donald of the gentle eyes ;
Catch the light to mortals given,
And bequeath the prize ?

Then, my Donald, Heaven bless you,
May you come to your ideal ;
E'en tho' life should oft distress you—
Singing hearts must feel.

God give you the vision splendid,
All among the greys of life,
Grant you songs of angels blended
'Mid the sound of strife.

Make your life a poem living,
Donald of the thoughtful mien,
Where in cheering, bearing, giving,
Inner light is seen.

C. S. HOLDER

THE CLEVER BOY

From " Tales : The Learned Boy "

The father wish'd such errors to correct,
But let them pass in duty and respect :
But more it grieved his worthy mind to see
That Stephen never would a farmer be :
In vain he tried the shiftless lad to guide,
And yet 'twas time that something should be tried :
He at the village school perchance might gain
All that such mind could gather and retain ;
Yet the good dame affirm'd her favourite child
Was apt and studious, though sedate and mild ;
" That he on many a learned point could speak,
And that his body, not his mind, was weak."

The father doubted—but to school was sent
The timid Stephen, weeping as he went :
There the rude lads compell'd the child to fight,
And sent him bleeding to his home at night ;
At this the grandam more indulgent grew,
And bade her darling " shun the beastly crew,
Whom Satan ruled, and who were sure to lie
Howling in torments, when they came to die."
This was such comfort, that in high disdain
He told their fate, and felt their blows again :

Yet if the boy had not a hero's heart,
Within the school he play'd a better part ;
He wrote a clean fine hand, and at his slate
With more success than many a hero sate ;
He thought not much indeed—but what depends
On pains and care was at his fingers' ends.

This had his father's praise, who now espied
A spark of merit, with a blaze of pride ;
And though a farmer he would never make,
He might a pen with some advantage take ;
And as a clerk that instrument employ,
So well adapted to a timid boy.

GEORGE CRABBE

THE PRODIGY

From "The Schoolmasters"

I didn' larn much, but there's plenty that did.
There was one little chap with a big round head—
Ye never seen the round—by jing !
That chap was larnin' everything.
This head—and the rounder, just like a pot.
"Look at that boy !" ould Clukish was sayin' ;
"Fit enough to make your tay in—
That head," he'd say, "like a bottomless pit ;
There's nothin' that doesn' go into it—
Nothin'," says Clukish. And right, no doubt :
It all went in, and it never come out—

Never—so couldn' be no loss
At yandher chap. It's stored it was
In the big round head. My gough ! it's grand
To have a head that'll grow and 'spand,
And never leak a drop—the pride
Of the mother ! But, of coarse, he died—
Sartinly—aw, died, of coarse—
Ye see, the workin' and the foorce
Of all that was in him, just like a biler,
And no safety-valve, nor no grease for th' ile her—
Nor nothin'—you see ?

T. E. BROWN

SCHOOL FENCIBLES

Written in 1861 of Eton College Volunteers, whose uniform was grey with blue facings.

We come in arms, we stand ten score,
Embattled on the Castle green ;
We grasp our firelocks tight, for war
Is threatening, and we see our Queen.
And " Will the churls last out till we
Have duly hardened bones and thews
For scouring leagues of swamp and sea
Of braggart mobs and corsair crews ? "
We ask : we fear not scoff or smile
At meek attire of blue and grey,
For the proud wrath that fills our isle
Gives faith and force to this array.
So great a charm is England's right
That hearts enlarged together flow,
And each man rises up a knight
To work the evil-thinker's woe.
And, girt with ancient truth and grace,
We do our service and our suit,
And each can be, whate'er his race,
A Chandos or a Montacute.
Thou, Mistress, whom we serve to-day,
Bless the real swords that we shall wield,
Repeat the call we now obey,
In sunset lands, on some fair field.
Thy flag shall make some Huron rock
As dear to us as Windsor's keep,
And arms thy Thames has nerved shall mock
The surgings of th' Ontarian deep.
The stately music of thy Guards,
Which times our march beneath thy ken,
Shall sound, with spells of sacred bards,
From heart to heart, when we are men.
And when we bleed on alien earth,
We'll call to mind how cheers of ours
Proclaimed a loud uncourtly mirth
Amongst thy glowing orange bowers.
And if for England's sake we fall,
So be it, so thy cross be won,

Fixed by kind hands on silvered pall,
And worn in death, for duty done.
Ah ! thus we fondle Death, the soldiers' mate,
Blending his image with the hopes of youth
To hallow all ; meanwhile the hidden fate
Chills not our fancies with the iron truth.
Death from afar we call, and Death is here,
To choose out him who wears the loftiest mien ;¹
And Grief, the cruel lord who knows no peer,
Breaks through the shield of love to pierce our Queen.

WILLIAM JOHNSON (WILLIAM CORY)

¹ A reference to death of Prince Consort.

§ 2 BLACK

DESCRIPTION OF A MEDIÆVAL SCHOOLBOY

From the "Testament"

Void of reason ; given to wilfulness ;
Froward to virtue ; of thrift gave little heed ;
Loth to learne ; loved no business
Save play or mirthe ; strange to spell or read ;
Following all appetities 'longing to childhead ;
Lightly turning ; wild, and seldom sad ;
Weeping for nought, and anon after glad.

For little wroth, to strive with my fellow
As my passions did my bridle lead ;
Of the yarde sometime I stood in awe
To be *scored* ; for that was all my dread.
Loth toward school, (I) lost my time indeed,
Like a young colt that ran withoute bridle ;
Made my friendes their good to spend *in idle*.

I had in custom to come to school late,
Not for to learn but for a countenance,
With my fellows ready to debate,
To jangle and jape was set all my pleasaunce,
Whereof rebuked this was my chevisaunce ¹
To forge a lesyng ² and thereupon to muse,
When I trespassed myselfe to excuse.

To my betters I did no reverence ;
Of my *sovereigns* gave no *force* ³ at all ;
Waxed obstinate by inobedience ;
Ran into gardens, apples there I stole ;
To gather fruites spared hedge nor wall ;
To pluck grapes in other men(ne)s vines
Was more ready than to say matines.

¹ "Chevisaunce": Plan.

² "Forge a lesyng": In plain English, to copy. He has his disciples to-day.

³ "Gave no force": Did not care.

Loth to rise ; lother to bed at eve ;
With unwashed handes ready to dinner ;
My Paternoster, my Creed, or my Believe,
Cast at the cook ; lo ! this was my manner ;
Waved with each wind, as doth a reede-spear ;
Snibbed ¹ of my friends such taches for to amend
Made deaf eare list not to them attend.

JOHN LYDGATE

THE BIRCHED SCHOOLBOY

(A.D. 1500)

The piece comes from a Balliol Manuscript ; reprinted by the Early English Text Society in the "Babees Book."

Nay ! nay ! by this day !
What avayleth it me thowgh I say nay ?

I wold ffayn be a clarke :
but yet hit is a strange werke ;
the byrchen twyggis be so sharpe
hit maketh me have a faynt harte :
what avayleth me thowgh I say nay ?

On Monday in the mornyng whan I shall rise
At VI of the clok, hyt is the gise
to go to skole without avise
I had lever go xx ti myle twyse !
What avaylith it me thowgh I say nay ?

My master lokith as he were madde ;
“ wher hast thou be, thow sory ladde ? ”
“ Milked dukkis, my mother badde : ”
hit was no mervayle thow I were sadde
what avaylith it me thowgh I say nay ?

My master pepered with well good spedre :
hit was worse than ffynkll ² sede ;

¹ “ Snibbed ” : Reprimanded.

² “ Ffynkle ” : Fennel—the point need not be stressed.

he wold not leve till it did blede,
Myche sorow haue he for his dede !
what vaylith it me thowgh I say nay ?

I wold my master were a watt ¹
& my boke a wyld catt,
& a brase of grehowndis in his toppe ;
I wolde be glade for to se that !
What vayleth it me thowgh I say nay ?

I wold my master were an hare,
& all his bokis howndis were,
& I myself a Ioly hontere ;
to blowe my horn I wold not spare !
ffor if he were dede I wold not care.
What vayleth me thowgh I say nay ?

Explicit.

ANONYMOUS

THE NAUGHTY BOY

From "The Schoolmistress"

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there ;
All but the wight (so late y-beaten) he
Abhorreth bench and stool, and form, and chair,
(This hand in mouth y-fixed, that rends his hair ;)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting ! does declare
His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest,
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal, shines,
His blooming face, that seems a purple flower ;
Which low to earth its blooming head declines,
All smeared and sullied by a vernal shower.
O the hard bosoms of despotic power !
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour ;

¹ "Watt": Nothing electrical, but a hare.

Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff ! pines,
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns,
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines ;
And many a sullen look askaunce is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs ;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

• • • •

Yet nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !
E'en now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die !
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting out the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf ! his paper kite may fly.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

ON BEING CONFINED TO SCHOOL ONE PLEASANT MORNING
IN SPRING

The morning sun's enchanting rays
Now call forth every songster's praise ;
Now the lark, with upward flight,
Gayly ushers in the light ;
While wildly warbling from each tree,
The birds sing songs to Liberty.

But for me no songster sings,
For me no joyous lark up-springs ;
For I, confined in gloomy school,
Must own the pedant's iron rule,

And, far from sylvan shades and bowers,
In durance vile must pass the hours ;
There con the scholiasts' dreary lines,
Where no bright ray of genius shines,
And close to rugged learning cling,
While laughs around the jocund spring.

How gladly would my soul forego
All that arithmeticians know,
Or stiff grammarians quaintly teach,
Or all that industry can reach,
To taste each morn of all the joys
That with the laughing sun arise ;

And unconstrain'd to rove along
The bushy brakes and glens among ;
And woo the muse's gentle power,
In unfrequented rural bower ;
But, ah ! such heaven-approaching joys
Will never greet my longing eyes ;
Still will they cheat in vision fine,
Yet never but in fancy shine.

Oh, that I were the little wren
That shrilly chirps from yonder glen !
Oh, far away I then would rove,
To some secluded bushy grove ;
There hop and sing with careless glee,
Hop and sing at liberty ;
And till death should stop my lays,
Far from men would spend my days.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

THE DUNCE

Why does he still keep ticking ?
Why does his round white face
Stare at me over the books and ink,
And mock at my disgrace ?

Why does that thrush call, "Dunce, dunce, dunce!"?

Why does that bluebottle buzz?

Why does the sun so silent shine?—

And what do I care if he does?

WALTER DE LA MARE

THE DUNCE

He might be part of some burlesque,
Depicting modern labour;
He munches things behind his desk,
And yawns towards his neighbour.

He fixes you with mournful eyes,
When pressed for explanation,
And looks around in pained surprise,
If sent for castigation.

The margins of his book contain
Vague patterns, formless features;
The inner workings of his brain
Are like these eerie creatures.

It's strange uncertain ground to plant
With figures, old and sickly,
When this reposeful ruminant
Can lose them just as quickly.

And yet, the after years agree,
It's worth the sweat and yelling;
The shapes move on, and one can see
The ancient drill is telling.

The lout who never learnt his prep.
(No gumption and no brain, sir)
Will march away with eager step
(Our loss and someone's gain, sir).

G. D. MARTINEAU

THE BUTT

From "Tommy Big-Eyes"

Now Tommy was as shy as a bird :
" Yes " or " No " was the only word
You'd get from Tommy. So every monkey
Thought poor Tommy was a donkey.
But—bless your soul !—lave Tommy alone !
He'd got a stunnin' head of his own ;
And his copies just like copper-plate,
And he'd set to work and cover a slate
Before the rest had done a sum :
But you'd really have thought the fellow was dumb—
He was that silent and bashful, you know ;
Not a fool—not him—but lookin' so.
Ugly he was, most desperate,
For all the world like a suckin' skate.
But the eyes ! the eyes !—Why, blow the fellas !
He could spread them out like a rumberella—
You'd have wondered where on earth he got them
Deep dubs of blue light with the black at the bottom—
Basins of light. But it was very seldom
You could see them like that, for he always held them
Straight on his book or whatever he had,
As if he was ashamed, poor lad !
And really they were a most awful size ;
And so we were callin' him " Tommy Big-eyes."

The way that chap was knocked about
Was just a scandal. You hit him a clout
Whenever you saw him—that was the style :
Hit him once, and you'd get him to smile :
Hit him twice, and he'd drop the head ;
Hommer away till you'd think he was dead.
And he'd stand like a drum, as if his skin
Was a sheep's, and made for hommerin'.
Then his hair was so thick it was nice to grab it,
And pull it back like skinnin' a rabbit,
Till he'd have to look up, as you may suppose ;
And then you could welt him under the nose.

I do believe the cruellest fien's
In the world is a parcel of boys in their teens,
One of them stirrin' up the other.
But still, for all, the devil's mother
Should have looked a little more to the way
The chap was rigged ; for it isn't fair play
To dress a lad that's goin' to school
As if he was born to be a fool.
Fancy a frill around his neck !
What in the world could the woman expec' ?

And that's the for this Tommy had
Such girlish ways—oh, very bad !
Just give him a needle and a bit
Of calico, and there he'd sit
In a corner, as happy as a prince,
And the gals goin' on with their imperince,
And—"Are you wantin' a sweetheart, Tommy?"
Poor thing ! as innocent as a lammie !
They said, if you'd give him a doll he'd frock it,
But he owned to a pin-cushion in his pocket.

T. E. BROWN

A SCHOOLBOY MEMORY

When Jones was in the Lower School
And I was in the Upper,
I used to manage as a rule
To confiscate his supper.

An irritating kid was Jones,
Thin, snivelling and surly ;
It was a joy to crack his bones,
For I was strong and burly.

He won a first-rate alley taw
With which he used to dally ;
I fancied it—he tried to jaw—
Enough ! I took that alley.

Time passed ; term followed term, and though
To scholarships elected,
My youthful frame refused to grow
As much as was expected.

When musing in the Quad one day
Upon dissected cones,
A strapping chap stood in my way
And simply said : " I'm Jones."

He towered above me by a head ;
I felt my face turn yellow—
But smiling cheerily, I said :
" How *do* you do, old fellow ? "

He answered, " Thanks, I'm stronger now,"
I sniggered at his sally,
Till he remarked with lowering brow :
" I've come to fetch my alley."

In what ensued I must maintain
Jones showed a savage zest.
I think he got his own again
With compound interest.

JESSIE POPE

§ 3 PIED

THE SCHOOL BOY

I love to rise in a summer morn
When birds are singing on every tree ;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the sky-lark sings with me.
O ! what sweet company.

But to go to school in a summer morn,
O ! it drives all joy away ;
Under a cruel eye outworn
The little ones spend the day
In sighing and dismay.

Ah ! then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour,
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's bower,
Worn thro' with the dreary shower.

How can the bird that is born for joy
Sit in a cage and sing ?
How can a child when fears annoy
But droop his tender wing,
And forget his youthful spring ?

O ! father & mother, if buds are nip'd,
And blossoms blow away,
And if the tender plants are strip'd
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and care's dismay,

How shall the summer arise in joy,
Or the summer fruits appear ?
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy,
Or bless the mellowing year
When the blasts of winter appear ?

WILLIAM BLAKE

SCHOOLBOYS

From "Tommy Big-Eyes"

"*Fiends*" I called them, did I ? Well,
I shouldn't then. It's hard to tell ;
And it's likely God has got a plan
To put a spirit in a man
That's more than you can stow away
In the heart of a child. But he'll see the day
When he'll not have a bit too much for the work
He's got to do. And the little Turk
Is good for nothin' but shoutin' and fightin'
And carryin' on, and God delightin'
To make him strong and bold and free,
And thinkin' the man he's goin' to be—
More beef than butter, more lean than lard ;
Hard, if you like ; but the world is hard.
You'll see a river how it dances
From rock to rock, whenever it chances—
In and out, and here and there :
A regular young divil-may-care !
But, caught in the sluice, it's another case,
And it steadies down, and it flushes the race
Very deep and strong, but still
It's not too much to work the mill.
The same with hosses—kick and bite
And winch away—all right, all right !
Wait a bit, and give him his ground,
And he'll win his rider a thousand pound.
Aw dear ! aw dear ! I've had my day,
And it's a merry month is the month of May—
Little Peggies, little Annies,
Little Nellies, little Fannies—
And you with Kitty, and me with Sal,
And coortin' like the deuce and all ;
And playin' at weddin's, and pretendin' to go
To the Vicar for a license, you know—
And a book, and sayin' the very words—
Bless ye ! as innocent as the birds !

T. E. BROWN

JACK AND JOE

From the Harrow School Song Book

Jack's a scholar, as all men say,
 Dreams in Latin and Greek,
Gabbles a grammar in half a day,
 And a lexicon once a week ;
Three examiners came to Jack,
 “ Tell us all you know ” ;
But when he began,—“ To Oxford back,”
 They murmured, “ We will go.”
 But Joe is a regular fool, says Jack,
 And Jack is a fool, says Joe.

Joe's a player, and no mistake,
 Comes to it born and bred,
Dines in pads for the practice' sake,
 Goes with a bat to bed ;
Came the bowler, and asked him, “ Pray,
 Shall I bowl you fast or slow ? ”
But the bowler's every hair was grey,
 Before he had done with Joe.
 But Joe is a regular fool, says Jack,
 And Jack is a fool, says Joe.

Morning wakes with a rousing spell,
 Bees and honey and hive,
Drones get up at the warning bell,
 But Jack was at work at five.
Sinks the day on the weary hill,
 Cricketers homeward flow ;
All climb up in the twilight chill,
 But the last to leave is Joe.
 But Joe is a regular fool, says Jack,
 And Jack is a fool, says Joe.

“ Fame,” says Jack, “ with the mind must go,”
 Says Joe, “ With the legs and back ” ;
“ What is the use of your arms ? ” says Joe,
 “ Where are your brains ? ” says Jack.

Says Joe, " Your Latin I truly hate " ;
Says Jack, " I adore it so,"
" But your bats," says Jack, " I nowhere rate,"
" My darlings ! " answers Joe.
But Joe is a regular fool, says Jack.
And Jack is a fool, says Joe.

Can't you settle it, Joe and Jack,
Settle it, books and play ?
Dunce is white and pedant is black,
Haven't you room for grey ?
Let neither grammar nor bats be slack,
Let brains with sinews grow,
And you'll be Reverend Doctor Jack,
And you'll be General Joe.
But Joe is a regular fool, says Jack,
And Jack is a fool, says Joe.

EDWARD E. BOWEN

THE FINE OLD ETON COLLEGER

Etonians will require no explanation as to the privileges and the quarters of the old "Collegers."

I'll sing you a fine old college song that was made by an old tug's pate,
Of a fine old Eton Colleger whose chamber was his estate,
And who kept up this old mansion at a bountiful old rate,
With an old door-keeper to put down the young tugs that were late,
Like a fine old Eton Colleger,
One of the olden time.

His college desk, if desk he had, was plentifully filled
With Greek and Latin grammars, over which much ink was spilled ;
And there his worship sat in state, in good old "college clothes,"
And quaffed his cup of good old swipes to warm his old tug nose,
Like a fine old Eton Colleger,
One of the olden time.

When winter old brought frost and cold, he'd freely drink with all,
And though so very, very old, he could out-drink them all ;
Nor was the wand'ring lower boy forgetful of his call,
For while he hided all the great, he hided all the small,
 Like a fine old Eton Colleger,
 One of the olden time.

But tugs, like dogs, must have their day, and years rolled swiftly
 past,
The resignation man proclaimed, this tug must leave at last.
He mounted on his four-in-hand, drove off without a sigh,
A solemn silence reigned around, and a tear bedewed each eye.
 For this fine old Eton Colleger,
 One of the olden time.

Now times are changed, and we are changed, and Keate has passed
 away,
Still college hearts and college hands maintain old Eton's sway ;
And though our chamber is not filled as it was filled of yore,
We still will beat the Oppidans at bat and foot and oar,
 Like the fine old Eton Collegers,
 Those of the olden time.

ANONYMOUS (*c.* 1830)

JERRY

From the Harrow School Song Book

Jerry, a poor little fag,
 Carrying kettle and tray,
Finding his energy flag.
 Let them all fall on the way.
On him his monitor dropped—
 “ Pick up the pieces at once !
Off to my room to be ‘ whopped,’
 Jerry, you duffer and dunce.”
 Heigho ! heigho !
“ Jerry, you duffer and dunce.”

Jerry gets double removes,
Doesn't want "charity-tails" ;
Sharp at his Cricket he proves,
Never at Football he fails.
Jerry at work and at play
(Not for the world would he tell)
Thinks that he possibly may
One of these days be a swell.
Heigho ! heigho !
One of these days be a swell.

Jerry's a Monitor bold,
Champion at Rackets and Fives,—
Cricketers youthful and old
Worship his "cuts" and his "drives."
Football associates vow
Jerry is worthy of praise—
Verily Jerry is now
Monarch of all he surveys.
Heigho ! heigho !
Monarch of all he surveys.

Jerry must go, and he leaves
Harrow with mournful adieu ;
Jerry must go, and he grieves,
Changing the old for the new.
Tramps to his desk with a swing,
Bearing the orthodox bag.
Yesterday he was a king—
Now he is only a fag.
Heigho ! heigho !
Now he is only a fag.

S. W. G.

THE INFIRMARY

From "Pain"

Tradition says that this poem was inspired by the daughter of Mrs. Brewman, a nurse at Christ's Hospital, of whom Coleridge was very fond. He says that half his time from seventeen to eighteen years was passed in the School Infirmary.

Once could the Morn's first beams, the healthful breeze,
All Nature charm, and gay was every hour :—
But ah ! not Music's self, nor fragrant bower
Can glad the trembling sense of wan Disease,
Now that the frequent pangs my frame assail,
Now that my sleepless eyes are sunk and dim,
And seas of Pain seem waving through each limb—
Ah what can all Life's gilded scenes avail ?
I view the crowd, whom Youth and Health inspire,
Hear the loud laugh, and catch the sportive lay,
Then sigh and think—I too could laugh and play
And gaily sport it on the Muse's lyre,
Ere Tyrant Pain had chas'd away delight,
Ere the wild pulse throb'd anguish thro' the night !

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

IV
LESSONS

IN PRAISE OF THE HORN-BOOK

Hail, ancient book, most venerable code !
Learning's first cradle, and its last abode.
The huge unnumbered volumes that we see,
By lazy plagiaries are stol'n from thee.
Yet future times, to thy sufficient store,
Shall ne'er presume to add one letter more.

Thee will I sing in comely wainscot bound,
And golden verge enclosing thee around ;
The faithful horn before, from age to age,
Preserving thy invaluable page ;
Behind, thy patron saint in armour shines,
With sword and lance, to guard thy sacred lines :
Beneath his courser's feet the dragon lies
Transfix'd ; his blood thy scarlet cover dies ;
Th' instructive handle's at the bottom fix'd,
Lest wrangling critics should pervert the text.

Or if to gingerbread ¹ thou shalt descend,
And liquorish learning to thy babes extend ;
Or sugar'd plane, o'erspread with beaten gold,
Does the sweet treasure of thy letters hold ;
Thou still shalt be my song—Apollo's choir
I scorn t' invoke ; Cadmus my verse inspire :

'Twas Cadmus who the first materials brought
Of all the learning which has since been taught,
Soon made complete ! for mortals ne'er shall know
More than contain'd of old the Christcross row ;
What masters dictate, or what doctors preach,
Wise matrons hence, ev'n to our children teach :
But as the name of every plant and flower
(So common that each peasant knows its pow'r)
Physicians in mysterious cant express,
T' amuse the patient and enhance their fees ;
So from the letters of our native tongue
Put in Greek scrawls, a mystery too is sprung,

¹ "Gingerbread": Imitation horn-books were sometimes rather unhygienically made of gingerbread or liquorice.

Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,
And artful men strike out a gainful trade :
Strange characters adorn the learned gate,
And heedless youths catch at the shining bait ;
The pregnant boys the noisy charms declare,
And Tau's and Delta's make their mothers stare ;
Th' uncommon sounds amaze the vulgar ear,
And what's uncommon never costs too dear.
Yet in all tongues the horn-book is the same,
Taught by the Grecian master, or the English dame.

But how shall I thy endless virtues tell,
In which thou dost all other books excel ?
No greasy thumbs thy spotless leaf can soil,
Nor crooked dog's-ears thy smooth corners spoil ;
In idle pages no errata stand,
To tell the blunders of the printer's hand,
No fulsome dedication here is writ,
No flattering verse, to praise the author's wit :
The margin with no tedious notes is vex't,
Nor various readings to confound the text :
All parties in thy literal sense agree,
Thou perfect centre of concordancy !

THOMAS TICKELL

IN A SCHOOL BOOK (1589)

This is a genuine verse, given by Dr. Courtenay Dunn, in his "Natural History of the Child." It is not written on a fly-leaf, but on various pages, as the dashes indicate—a common schoolboy trick.

My father to me—this booke did give ;
And I will kep it as long as I live.
Whose booke it is if you will knowe,
By letters twaine—I will you shewe.
The one is I. in all men's sight,
The other S. and full of might,
Joyne these to letters—presently
And you shall know—my name by and by.

John Slye—is my name,
And with my pen—I writ the same.
God that made both sea and sand
Give me grace—to mend my hand ;
For I have neither hat nor cap.
He is a knave—that redes me that.
The Rose is redd—the leves—are grene,
God save—Elizabeth—our noble Quene.

JOHN SLIE

GRAMMARIE

A little blackboard summary for form masters. It came from a manuscript of fifteenth century, and only a single copy is known to exist.

My lefe chyld, I kownsel ye
To furme thi vj tens, thou awyse ye ;
And have mynd of thi clensoune,
Both of nowne and of pronowne,
And ilk case in plurele
How thai sal end awyse the wele,
And thi participyls forget thou nowth,
And thi comparysons be yn thi thowth,
Thynke of the revele of the relatyf,
And then scahle thou the bettyr thryfe ;
Lat never interest downe falle,
Nor *penitet* with hys felows alle ;
And how this Englis schalle cum in
Wyt tanto and *quanto* in a Latyn,
And how this Englis schalle be chawngede,
Wyt verbis newtyrs gwen thai are hawede,
And how a verbe schalle be furmede.
Take good hede that thou be no stunnede ;
The ablatyf case thou hafe in mynd,
That he be saved in hys kynd,
Take gode hede qwat he wylle do,
And how a nown substantyf
Wylle corde with a verbe and a relatyf.
Posculo, posco, peto,

And if thou wylle be a grammarioun,
Owne thi fingers to construccyon,
The infenytyfe mode alle thorowth
Wyt his suppyns es mykylle wroth ;
And thynk of propur nownnys
Both of kastells and of townnys,
And when oportet cumis in plus,
Thou knowest *miserere* has no gras.

ALEXANDER DE VILLA DEI

NOUNS

From "The Pastime of Pleasure"

One would suppose this to be unique in the literature of Love. It is part of the small talk of a lover and his lass—surely a blue-stocking deep of dye. "The Pastime of Pleasure" has for ending the famous lines:—

"For though the day appear ever so long
At last the bell ringeth to evensong."

Madame, quod I, for as moche as there be
Eight partes of speche, I would knowe ryght fayne
What a noun substantive is in hys degré,
And wherefore it is so called certayne ?
To whom she answered ryght gently agayne,
Saying alway that a nowne substantyve
Might stand wythout helpe of an adjectyve.

The Latyn worde whyche that is referred
Unto a thynge whych is substancyall,
For a nowne substantyve is wel averred,
And wyth a gender is declynall ;
So all the eyght partes in generall
Are Laten wordes, annexed properly
To every speche, for to speke formally.

STEPHEN HAWES

Amo, Amas, I love a lass,
As a cedar tall and slender,
Sweet Cowslip's grace is her nominative case,
And she's of the feminine gender,
Rorum, corum sunt divorum,
Harum, scarum, divo !
Rag-tag, merry derry, periwig and hat-band,
Hic, hoc, horum genetivo.

Can I decline a nymph divine,
Whose voice as a flute is dulcis ?
Her oculis bright, her manus white,
And soft, when I tacto, her pulse is.
Rorum, corum . . . etc.

O how bella my puella,
I'll kiss saecula saeculorum,
If I've luck, Sir, she's my uxor
O dies benedictorum,
Rorum, corum . . . etc.

JOHN O'KEEFE

GRAMMAR SONG

Pueri ingenui,
Cutem si curatis,
Incumbetis strenui
Pensis ordinatis.

Grammar must be taught in schools,
Yet it should be stated,
That the charm of gender-rules
Can be over-rated.

Quid juvabit, postulo
(Memory it taxes)
Gender of curculio,
Furfur, hydrops, axis ?

The instructor of my class,
Heartless man though clever,
For such human weakness has
No regard whatever :

“ Tertia declensio
Vobis est discenda :
And you must correctly know
All the Rules of gender.”

Said to me a worthy boy
Rather harum scarum,
Counting games the only joy,
Spretor literarum,

“ Regulæ grammaticæ
Sunt laboris multi :
Those who learn them seem to me
Esse satis stulti.

“ Grammars ought not to exist
In the cricket season.”
Thus the youthful casuist,
Not devoid of reason.

“ Faber quints, dilecti mi,
Recte,” inquam, “ mones :
Nos ludemus, putidi
Studeant tirones.”

So I passed the hours in play
(Puer quam protervus) :
Into school I crept next day
Feeling rather nervous.

Incipit magister tum,
“ Claudite libellos ” :
Claudere coactus sum
Mine like other fellows.

Not unnaturally I,
Bottled in my grammar,
Hastened with repentant sigh
Fit excuse to stammer :

“ Da, magister, uniam
Puero merenti :

Discere non poteram
Capite dolenti."

He instead of swallowing
My *oblique narration*
Simply made the following
Dreadful observation,

"Cras, amice juvenis,
Nisi memorabis
Mascula quæ sunt in *is*,
Certe vapulabis."

Shall a Briton be coerced ?
Self-respect forbid it !
Rather let him do his worst—
And he duly did it.

Residere hodie
Est doloris multi ;
Dubito an Smith and me
Were not vere stulti.

J. H. F. PEILE

HORACE REMEMBERED ON SORACTE

From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto IV

See Horace, Odes I, IX. Byron's note on this passage reads : "I wish to express, that we become tired of the task before we can comprehend the beauty ; that we learn by rote before we can get by heart ; that the freshness is worn away, and the future pleasure and advantage deadened and destroyed, by the didactic anticipation, at an age when we can neither feel nor understand the power of compositions which it requires an acquaintance with life, as well as Greek and Latin, to relish, or to reason upon."

Not in vain

May he who will his recollections rake,
And quote in classic raptures, and awake
The hills with Latin echoes ; I abhor'd
Too much to conquer for the poet's sake,

The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word
In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record.

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turn'd
My sickening memory ; and, though Time hath taught
My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,
Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought
By the impatience of my early thought,
That, with the freshness wearing out before
My mind could relish what it might have sought,
If free to choose, I cannot now restore
Its health ; but what it then detested, still abhor.

Then farewell, Horace ; whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine ; it is a curse
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse,
Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,
Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touch'd heart,
Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

AFTER CONSTRUING

Lord Cæsar, when you sternly wrote
The story of your grim campaigns,
And watched the rugged smoke-wreath float
Above the burning plains.

Amid the impenetrable wood,
Amid the camp's incessant hum,
At eve, beside the tumbling flood
In high Avaricum.

You little recked, imperious head,
When shrilled your shattering trumpet's noise,
Your frigid sections would be read
By bright-eyed English boys.

Ah me ! who penetrates to-day
The secret of your deep designs ?
Your sovereign visions, as you lay
Amid the sleeping lines ?

The Mantuan singer pleading stands ;
From century to century
He leans and reaches wistful hands,
And cannot bear to die.

But you are silent, secret, proud,
No smile upon your haggard face,
As when you eyed the murderous crowd
Beside the statue's base.

I marvel : that Titanic heart
Beats strongly through the arid page ;
And we, self conscious sons of art,
In this bewildering age,

Like dizzy revellers stumbling out
Upon the pure and peaceful night,
Are sobered into troubled doubt,
As swims across our sight,

The ray of that sequestered sun,
Far in the illimitable blue—
The dream of all you left undone,
Of all you dared to do.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

PENMANSHIP

*This comes from a seventeenth-century book in the British Museum.
It is bound in tooled leather, and opens lengthways. It has little
useful pictures labelled, as to position, "good," and "nought."*

Your bodie upright, stoupe not with your head,
Your breast from the board when you have well fed ;

Ink alwaies good store, on right hand to stand,
Brown paper for great hast, or else box with sand ;
Dip pen, and shake pen, and touch pen for haire,
Waxe, quils, and penknife see alwaies ye beare.

ANONYMOUS

EUCLIDEAN VERSE

This is now—this was erst
Proposition the first—and Problem the first.

I

On a given finite line
Which must no way incline ;
To describe an equi-
-lateral Tri-
-A, N, G, L, E.
Now let A. B.
Be the given line
Which must no way incline ;
The great Mathematician
Makes this Requisition,
That we describe an equi-
-lateral Tri-
-angle on it ;
Aid us, Reason—aid us, Wit !

II

From the centre A, at the distance A. B.
Describe the circle B. C. D.
At the distance B. A. from B. the centre
The round A. C. E. to describe boldly venture,
(Third postulate see.)
And from the point C.
In which the circles make a pother
Cutting and slashing one another,
Bid the straight lines a journeying go,

C. A. C. B. these lines will show,
To the points, which by A. B. are reckon'd,
And postulate the second
For Authority ye know.

A. B. C.

Triumphant shall be
An Equilateral Triangle,
Not Peter Pindar carp, nor Zoilus can wrangle.

III

Because the point A. is the centre
Of the circular B. C. D.
And because the point B. is the centre
Of the circular A. C. E.
A. C. to A. B. and B. C. to B. A.
Harmoniously equal for ever must stay ;
Then C. A. and B. C.
Both extend the kind hand
To the basis A. B.
Unambitiously join'd in Equality's Band,
But to the same powers, when two powers are equal,
My mind forbodes the sequel ;
My mind does some celestial impulse teach,
And equalise each to each.
Thus C. A. with B. C. strikes the same sure alliance,
That C. A. and B. C. had with A. B. before ;
And in mutual affiance
None attempting to soar
Above another,
The unanimous three
C. A. and B. C. and A. B.
All are equal, each to his brother,
Preserving the balance of power so true ;
Ah ! the like would the proud Autocratrix do !
At taxes impending not Britain would tremble,
Nor Prussia struggle her fear to disseminate.

IV

But rein your stallion in, too daring Nine !
Should Empires bloat the scientific line ?

Or with dishevell'd hair all madly ye do run
For transport that your task is done ?
 For done it is—the cause is tired !
 And Proposition, gentle Maid,
Who soothly ask'd stern Demonstration's aid,
 Has proved her right, and A. B. C.
 Of Angles three
 Is shown to be of equal side ;
And now our weary steed to rest in fine,
 'Tis raised upon A. B. the straight, the given line.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

MATHEMATICS

I've really had enough of *sums*,
 I've done so very many,
That now instead of doing *sum*,
 I'd rather not do any.

I've toiled until my fingers are
 With writing out of joint ;
And even now of *Decimals*
 I cannot see the *point*.

Subtraction to my weary mind
 Brings nothing but distraction,
And *vulgar* and *improper* I
 Consider every *fraction*.

"Practice makes perfect," so they say,
 It may be true. The fact is
That unhappily I am not
 Yet perfect in my *practice*.

Dijcount is *counted* troublesome
 By my unlearned pate ;
For *cubic root* I entertain
 A strongly *rooted* hate.

The heathen worship stocks and stones ;
My piteous soul it shocks
To be instructed thus to take
An *Interest in Stocks*.

Of Algebra I fear I have
A very vague impression ;
I study hard, but fail to make
Harmonical *progression*.

In Euclid too I always climb
The Asses' Bridge with pain ;
A superficies to me
Was anything but *plane*.

" Apply yourself," my master said,
When I my woes confided,
" And, when you *multiply*, bestow
Attention *undivided*."

Oh, if one master tries so hard
Tyrannical to be,
How out of all *Proportion* I
Should find a *Rule of Three*.

A. C. HILTON

GEOGRAPHY—FORM 17955301 SUB-SECTION Z

From " Songs of Education "

The earth is a place on which England is found,
And you find it however you twirl the globe round :
For the spots are all red and the rest is all grey,
And that is the meaning of Empire Day.

Gibraltar's a rock that you see very plain,
And attached to its base is the district of Spain.
And the island of Malta is marked further on,
Where some natives were known as the Knights of St. John.

Then Cyprus, and east to the Suez Canal,
That was conquered by Dizzy and Rothschild his pal,
With the Sword of the Lord in the old English way ;
And that is the meaning of Empire Day.

Our principal imports come far as Cape Horn ;
For necessities, cocoa ; for luxuries, corn ;
Thus Brahmins are born for the rice-fields, and thus
The Gods made the Greeks to grow currants for us ;
Of earth's other tributes are plenty to choose,
Tobacco and petrol and Jazzing and Jews :
The Jazzing will pass, but the Jews they will stay ;
And that is the meaning of Empire Day.

Our principal exports, all labelled and packed,
At the ends of the earth are delivered intact :
Our soap or our salmon can travel in tins
Between the two poles and as like as two pins ;
So that Lancashire merchants whenever they like
Can water the beer of a man in Klondyke,
Or poison the meat of a man in Bombay ;
And that is the meaning of Empire Day.

The day of St. George is a musty affair
Which Russians and Greeks are permitted to share ;
The day of Trafalgar is Spanish in name
And the Spaniards refuse to pronounce it the same ;
But the day of the Empire from Canada came
With Morden and Borden and Beaverbrook's fame
And saintly seraphical souls such as they :
And that is the meaning of Empire Day.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

THE CHAPTER OF KINGS (1780)

The Romans in England they once did sway,
And the Saxons they after them led the way,

And they tugg'd with the Danes till an overthrow
They both of them got by the Norman bow.

Yet, barring all bother,
The one and the other
Were all of them kings in their turn.

Little Willy the Conqueror long did reign,
But Billy his son by an arrow was slain ;
And Harry the First was a scholar bright,
But Stephie was forced for his crown to fight,

Yet, barring . . . etc.

Second Harry Plantagenet's name did bear,
And Cœur de Lion was his son and heir :
But Magna Charta was gained from John,
Which Harry the Third put his seal upon.

Yet, barring . . . etc.

There were Teddy the First, like a tiger bold,
But the second by rebels was bought and sold ;
And Teddy the Third was his subjects' pride,
Though his grandson Dicky was popped aside.

Yet, barring . . . etc.

There was Harry the Fourth, a warlike wight,
And Henry the Fifth like a cock would fight,
Though Henry his son like a chick did pout,
When Teddy his cousin had kicked him out.

Yet, barring . . . etc.

Poor Teddy the Fifth he was killed in bed
By butchering Dick who was knocked in the head ;
Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew big,
And Harry the Eighth was as fat as a pig.

Yet, barring . . . etc.

With Teddy the Sixth we had tranquil days,
Though Mary made fires and faggots blaze ;

But good Queen Bess was a glorious dame,
And bonny King Jamie from Scotland came.
Yet, barring . . . etc.

Poor Charlie the First was a martyr made,
But Charlie his son was a comical blade ;
And Jemmy the Second, when hotly spur'd,
Ran away, d'ye see, from Willy the Third.
Yet, barring . . . etc.

Queen Anne was victorious by land and by sea,
And then came the Georges, one, two, three ;
The fourth of the Georges at art had a fling,
But Willy the Fourth was a " Sailor King."

Yet, barring . . . etc.

WILLIAM COLLINS

HISTORY—FORM 991785, SUB-SECTION D

From " Songs of Education "

The Roman threw us a road, a road,
And sighed and strolled away :
The Saxon gave us a raid, a raid,
A raid that came to stay ;
The Dane went west, but the Dane confessed
That he went a bit too far,
And we all became, by another name,
The Imperial race we are.

CHORUS

The Imperial race, the inscrutable race,
The invincible race we are.

Though Sussex hills are bare, are bare,
And Sussex weald is wide,
From Chichester to Chester
Men saw the Norman ride ;
He threw his sword in the air and sang
To a sort of a light guitar ;
It was all the same, for we all became
The identical nobs we are.

CHORUS

The identical nobs, the individual nobs,
Unmistakable nobs we are.

The people lived on the land, the land,
They pottered about and prayed ;
They built a cathedral here and there
Or went on a small crusade ;
Till the bones of Becket were bundled out
For the fun of a fat White Czar,
And we all became, in spoil and flame,
The intelligent lot we are.

CHORUS

The intelligent lot, the intuitive lot,
The infallible lot we are.

O Warwick woods are green, are green,
But Warwick oaks can fall :
And Birmingham grew so big, so big,
And Stratford stayed so small.
Till the hooter howled to the morning lark
That sang to the morning star ;
And we all became, in freedom's name,
The fortunate chaps we are.

CHORUS

The fortunate chaps, felicitous chaps,
The fairy-like chaps we are.

The people they left the land, the land,
But they went on working hard ;
And the village green that got mislaid
Turned up in the squire's backyard :
But twenty men of us all got work
On a bit of his motor-car ;
And we all became, with the world's acclaim,
The marvellous mugs we are.

CHORUS

The marvellous mugs, miraculous mugs,
The mystical mugs we are.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

PREP.

One looks absorbed, his eyes detached from all within the room ;
Another flashes glances to and fro ;
Another yawns, looks idly at a youth in front, to whom
He presently applies a furtive toe.

Some frankly drowse ; some seek their inspiration from the wall ;
At fast-decreasing pens their molars chew.
The lounging limbs, the dull, bored eyes are common to them all ;
And Heaven only knows what prep. they do.

G. D. MARTINEAU

THE SECOND FORM

The Second Form, the Second Form !
To think about them makes me storm.
I feel I never can forgive
Smith's treatment of an adjective.
The noun with which it should agree
Is overlooked insultingly.
This calf-like linguist would efface
The gender, number, and the case.

The Second Form, the Second Form !
I feel my temper growing warm ;
And how my feelings need the curb
When Simpkins conjugates a verb !
He conjures up a hellish brew
Of forms the Latins never knew.
He has not any human sense
Of person, number, stem, or tense.

The Second Form, the Second Form !
Across my dreams they sprawl and swarm
With all the horrid schoolboy crimes
That I have cursed a thousand times.
And yet, I think, this early stage
Looms brighter than the leaving age,
When howlers happen not so much,
And Smith has lost the infant touch.

The Second Form, the Second Form !
The joyful days of " lower dorm,"
The artless life of up and down
When adjectives despised the noun !
Ah, Smith and Simpkins, better far
To stay for ever as you are.
This random hour of life you live
Is more than any adjective.

G. D. MARTINEAU

THE CRIB

Eyesight dim and forehead damp,
By the feeble midnight lamp ;
Chilly fingers—aching head—
Longing sore to be in bed :
 Does he labour all alone ?
 No ! his sure ally is Bohn.

See him at his task again
On the following " after ten " ;
Lest he altogether shirk
Science abstract—Extra work :
 Does he struggle all alone ?
 No ! his trusty friend is Bohn !

Swiftly glides the schooltime past ;
Trials grim are here at last ;
Strenuous efforts may perhaps
Supplement his memory's gaps :
 Strenuous efforts all alone ?
 No ! his solid hope is Bohn.

Many a Greek historian's riddle
May be solved by Scott and Liddell ;
Many a Roman poet's view is
Made quite clear by Short and Lewis :
Are not these enough alone ?
No ! the learner craves his Bohn.

What though after seven long years
Mighty small result appears !
Weak in prose, in Latin weak,
Wholly floored by simple Greek,
Is he then to blame alone ?
No ! he shares the blame with Bohn.

Bohn, the lazy student's joy !
Bohn, the friend of backward boy !
Though for pure Horatian art
Some prefer thy rival Smart
I will cling to thee alone ;
Bohn for me, and only Bohn !

A. C. AINGER

V

PLACE AUX DEMOISELLES

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS

This was Shenstone's first teacher at Hales-Owen, Sarah Lloyd, of whom he thought very highly.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shades and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name ;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame ;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame,
And oft times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which learning near her little dome did stow,
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow ;
And work the simple vassals mickle woe ;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blow,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low ;
And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

.
Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray ;
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield ;
Her apron, dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field ;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield

Tway birchen sprays ; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark mistrust and sad repentance fill'd ;
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air ;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own ;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair ;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare ;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare ;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed,
The matron sate ; and some with rank she graced,
(The source of children's and of courtier's pride !)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd ;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry ;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise ;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise ;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays :
E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways ;
Forewarned, if little bird, their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

THE DAME SCHOOL

From " Childhood "

This was a Mrs. Garrington, Kirke White's first schoolmistress as an infant at Nottingham.

In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls,
In many a fold the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school,
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule ;
Staid was the dame and modest was her mien ;
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean ;
Her neatly border'd cap, as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pinn'd with decent care ;
And pendent ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
A pair of spectacles their want supplies ;
These does she guard secure in leathern case,
From thoughtless wights, in some unweeted place.

Here first I enter'd though with toil and pain,
The low vestibulé of learning's fane ;
Enter'd with pain, yet soon I found the way,
Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display.
Much did I grieve on that ill-fated morn
When I was first to school reluctant borne,
Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried
To soothe my swelling spirits when I sigh'd ;
And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept,

To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,
And thought of tender home, where anger never kept.
But soon inured to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles ;
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew ;
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight ;
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight ;
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talk'd of the honours of my future days.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

AT SCHOOL-CLOSE

The end has come, as come it must
To all things ; in these sweet June days
The teacher and the scholar trust
Their parting feet to separate ways.

They part : but in the years to be
Shall pleasant memories cling to each,
As shells bear inland from the sea
The murmur of the rhythmic beach.

One knew the joy the sculptor knows
When, plastic to his lightest touch,
His clay-wrought model slowly grows
To that fine grace desired so much.

So daily grew before her eyes
The living shapes whereon she wrought,
Strong, tender, innocently wise,
The child's heart with the woman's thought.

And one shall never quite forget
The voice that called from dream and play,
The firm but kindly hand that set
Her feet in learning's pleasant way.

.

Her little realm the teacher leaves,
She breaks her wand of power apart,
While, for your love and trust, she gives
The warm thanks of a grateful heart.

Hers is the sober summer noon
Contrasted with your morn of spring ;
The waning with the waxing moon,
The folded with the outspread wing.

Across the distance of the years
She sends her God-speed back to you ;
She has no thought of doubts or fears :
Be but yourselves, be pure, be true,

And prompt in duty ; heed the deep,
Low voice of conscience ; through the ill
And discord round about you, keep
Your faith in human nature still.

So shall the stream of time flow by
And leave each year a richer good,
And matron loveliness outvie
The nameless charm of maidenhood.

And, when the world shall link your names
With gracious lives and manners fine,
The teacher shall assert her claims,
And proudly whisper, "These were mine!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

NEWTON'S PRINCIPIA

The thought here is singularly beautiful, and will be appreciated by Infants' School mistresses. It is a translation from Vincent Bourne, a master at Westminster School, 1720-1747, whom Lamb praises for "Sucking from every flower, making a flower of everything."

Great Newton's self, to whom the world's in debt,
Owed to school mistress sage his Alphabet ;
But quickly wiser than his teacher grown,
Discovered properties to her unknown ;
Of A *plus* B, or *minus*, learn'd the use,
Known quantities from unknown to educe ;
And made—no doubt to that old dame's surprise—
The Christ-cross-row his ladder to the skies,
Yet, whatsoe'er geometers say,
Her lessons were his true PRINCIPIA.

CHARLES LAMB

FOR DAUGHTERS OF GENTLEMEN

From "The Borough : Schools"

And first, our school for ladies :—pity calls
For one soft sigh, when we behold these walls,

Placed near the town, and where, from window high,
The fair, confined, may our free crowds espy,
With many a stranger gazing up and down,
And all the envied tumult of the town ;
May, in the smiling summer eve when they
Are sent to sleep the pleasant hours away,
Behold the poor (whom they conceive the blest)
Employ'd for hours, and grieved they cannot rest.

Here the fond girl, whose days are sad and few
Since dear mamma pronounced the last adieu,
Looks to the road, and fondly thinks she hears
The carriage wheels, and struggles with her tears :
All yet is new, the misses, great and small
Madam herself, and teachers, odious all ;
From laughter, pity, nay command, she turns,
But melts in softness, or with anger burns ;
Nauseates her food, and wonders who can sleep
On such mean beds, where she can only weep :
She scorns condolence, but to all she hates
Slowly at length her mind accommodates !
Then looks on bondage with the same concern
As others felt, and finds that she must learn
As others learn'd, the common lot to share,
To search for comfort, and submit to care.

Years pass away—let us suppose them past,
Th' accomplished nymph for freedom looks at last ;
All hardships over which a school contains,
The spirit's bondage and the body's pains ;
Where teachers make the heartless, trembling set
Of pupils suffer for their own regret ;
Where winter's cold, attack'd by one poor fire,
Chills the fair child, commanded to retire :
She felt it keenly in the morning air,
Keenly she felt it at the evening prayer.
More pleasant summer ; but then walks were made,
Not a sweet ramble, but a slow parade ;
They moved by pairs beside the hawthorn hedge,
Only to set their feelings on an edge ;
And now at eve, when all their spirits rise,
Are sent to rest, and all their pleasure dies ;

Where yet they all the town alert can see,
And distant ploughboys pacing o'er the lea.

These, and the tasks successive masters brought—
The French they conn'd, the curious works they wrought ;
The hours they made their taper fingers strike
Note after note, all dull to them alike ;
Their drawings, dancings on appointed days,
Playing with globes, and getting parts of plays :
The tender friendships made 'twixt heart and heart,
When the dear friends had nothing to impart :—

All ! All ! are over, now th' accomplished maid
Longs for the world, of nothing there afraid.

GEORGE CRABBE

THE TEACHER'S MONOLOGUE

The room is quiet, thoughts alone
People its mute tranquillity ;
The yoke put off, the long task done,—
I am, as it is bliss to be,
Still and untroubled. Now, I see,
For the first time, how soft the day
O'er waveless water, stirless tree,
Silent and sunny, wings its way.
Now, as I watch that distant hill,
So faint, so blue, so far removed,
Sweet dreams of home my heart may fill,
That home where I am known and loved :
It lies beyond : yon azure brow
Parts me from all Earth holds for me ;
And, morn and eve, my yearnings flow
Thitherward tending, changelessly.
My happiest hours, aye ! all the time,
I love to keep in memory,
Lapsed among moors, ere life's first prime
Decayed to dark anxiety.

Sometimes, I think a narrow heart
Makes me thus mourn those far away,
And keeps my love so far apart
From friends and friendships of to-day ;

Sometimes, I think 'tis but a dream
I treasure up so jealously,
All the sweet thoughts I live on seem
To vanish into vacancy :
And then, this strange, coarse world around
Seems all that's palpable and true ;
And every sight, and every sound,
Combines my spirit to subdue
To aching grief, so void and lone
Is Life and Earth—so worse than vain,
The hopes that, in my own heart sown,
And cherished by such sun and rain
As Joy and transient Sorrow shed,
Have ripened to a harvest there :
Alas ! methinks I hear it said,
“ Thy golden sheaves are empty air.”

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

THE REST-HOUR

Emily Brontë was for a short six months a governess at Miss Patchett's School at Halifax, where these lines were written. Her sister Charlotte writes :

“ The change from her own home to a school, and from her own very noiseless, very secluded, but unrestricted and inartificial mode of life, to one of disciplined routine (though under the kindest auspices), was what she failed in enduring. Her nature proved here too strong for her fortitude. Every morning when she woke, the vision of home and the moors rushed on her, and darkened and saddened the day that lay before her. Nobody knew what ailed her but me—I knew only too well.”

A little while, a little while,
The weary task is put away,
And I can sing and I can smile,
Alike, while I have holiday.

Where wilt thou go, my harassed heart—
What thought, what scene invites thee now ?
What spot, or near or far apart,
Has rest for thee, my weary brow ?

There is a spot, 'mid barren hills,
Where winter howls, and driving rain ;
But, if the dreary tempest chills,
There is a light that warms again.

The house is old, the trees are bare,
Moonless above bends twilight's dome ;
But what on earth is half so dear—
So longed for—as the hearth of home ?

The mute bird sitting on the stone
The dank moss dripping from the wall,
The thorn-trees gaunt, the walks o'er-grown,
I love them—how I love them all !

Still, as I mused, the naked room,
The alien firelight died away ;
And from the midst of cheerless gloom,
I passed to bright unclouded day.

A little and a lone green lane
That opened on a common wide ;
A distant, dreamy, dim blue chain
Of mountains circling every side.

A heaven so clear, an earth so calm,
So sweet, so soft, so hushed an air ;
And, deepening still the dream-like charm,
Wild moor-sheep feeding everywhere.

That was the scene, I knew it well ;
I knew the turf-y pathway's sweep
That, winding o'er each billowy swell,
Marked out the tracks of wandering sheep.

Could I have lingered but an hour,
It well had paid a week of toil ;
But Truth has banished Fancy's power,
Restraint and heavy task recoil.

Even as I stood with raptured eye,
Absorbed in bliss so deep and dear,
My hour of rest had fleeted by,
And back came labour, bondage, care.

EMILY BRONTË

THE NEW GIRL

From "Terence Macran's Hedge-School"

Musha, Mrs. Dinneen ! How's yourself, ma'am, this long time ?
I'm finely, thank God,
Barrin' whiles just a touch of the cramp. I'd a right to not sit
on the sod ?
But this win's dhried the wet, an' the cowld of the air's warm
enough in the sun,
So I thought I'd wait here on the bank till the school-hour widin'
there is done ;
For you see it's the first day at all me poor Mick's little Katty's
went in—
She'll be five come next May, and her granny'd a notion 'twas time
she'd begin.
But the sugarsticks, ma'am, she had swallowed, and I coaxin' her on
down our lane,
They'd surprise you ; the full pretty nigh of me pocket she's
finished up clane.
'Cause if ever she got her mouth empty, she'd out wid the woefullest
roar
To go home to her granny, so what should I do but keep givin' her
more ?
It's herself is the great little rogue. But I waited for 'fraid comin'
out,
Left alone to herself wid the childher all bawlin' an' bangin' about
She'd be scared. Not that Kitty's too aisily frightened, the sorr—
a bit :
There's 'most nothin' she puts me in mind of so much as a wee
blue-capped tit,
That hops undher your feet lettin' on it consaits it's no little
than you,
And 'ill fluff itself out like an aigle at a thrush that could snap it
in two.

Sure, just now, whin I tuk her to lave wid the misthress inside
there—that looks
Like a plisant young slip of a lass, an' she wrote Katty's name in
her books—
An' sez, civil-spoken an' friendly : " A scholar we'll have her ere
long,
An' she'll like to be gettin' her letters, an' learnin' a bit of a song ;
An' you'll be a good girleen for sartin'," sez she. But sez Katty :
" I woun't."
Troth, she had me ashamed wid her thin ; but the misthress seemed
makin' no count.
On'y laughin' a bit. An' bedad if she looked to find wit fairly
grown
In a crathur like Katty, I'd think she worn't throubled wid much
of her own.

• • •

Ah, it's that was the bell rang widin' there—school's up, they'll
be gettin' about,
All the childher, this now. Ay, they're openin' the door, here they
are tumblin' out
Like the wasps at their hole in the bank. But where's Katty ?
She's not there at all.
What's delayin' her ? Maybe she's someways behind, bein' on'y
so small.
I'll go look—No, she's yonder, she's out right enough. Och, the
bould little toad,
Did you notice the dhrive, ma'am, she hit Murty Flynn, 'cause he
got in her road,
And he twyste her own size ? Come here, Katty, acushla ; I've
waited, you see,
To be bringin' you home agin. Gimme your bag, and I'll mind
it, machree.
Sure you wouldn't be wantin' to stop here ? You've iligant places
to play
Up at home. Come along till we look what at all Granny has for
the tay.
Keep a hould of me hand, there's a jewel, and just step on the
path where it's dhry—
An' there's maybe a sugarstick yet in me pocket, mourneen, if you
thry.

JANE BARLOW

SCHOOLGIRLS

From "Blackmwore Maidens"

As I upon my road did pass
A school-house back in Maÿ.
There out upon the beäten grass
Wer maidens at their play;
An' as the pretty souls did tweil
An' smile, I cried, "The flow'r
O' beauty, then, is still in bud
In Blackmwore by the Stour."

WILLIAM BARNES

IN SCHOOLDAYS

The site is marked, of this school, at Haverhill, Mass. It was burnt down whilst being removed, in 1872.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
 Her childish favour singled ;
His cap pulled low upon a face
 Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
 To right and left, he lingered ;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
 The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
 The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
 As if a fault confessing.

" I'm sorry that I spelt the word :
 I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
 " Because, you see, I love you ! "

Still memory to a gray-haired man
 That sweet child-face is showing ;
Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave
 Have forty years been growing !

He lives to learn in life's hard school,
 How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
 Like her,—because they love him

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

SWEETHEARTS

From " Tommy Big-Eyes "

So you see these two would be meetin' there
Every mornin', rain or fair.
For, mind ye, if this Tommy was late—
And he tried to be—little Nelly would wait.
Wait she would, and pretend a nest,
In the briars, you know ; or had to rest ;

Or a pin or somethin' she was losin' ;
Or settin' down to put her shoes on.
Then Tommy would come, and he'd give a peep
Round the corner, and then he'd creep
Close into the hedge, and wouldn't allow
He saw her a bit, and on like a plough.
And there they'd go—you'd have split to seen them—
One on each side, and the road between them—
And little Nelly lookin', lookin' ;
And this bashful devil hookin'
The best he could. And every turn
In the road, no matter the bend, he'd burn
With the shame ; and he'd crib himself into a O,
Like feelin' her bearin' on him, you know.
And sometimes Nelly'd give a race,
And get there before him, and look in his face,
And he'd stop as dead—and she'd give a little snigger
Of a laugh in her nose, like the click of a trigger,
And lookin' under to see could she prize
His big head up with a lift of her eyes—
Botherin' this chap. But when they'd be near
The school, she wasn't willin' they'd see her
Comin' with Tommy ; and she'd tuck up her clothes
And the little feet twinkling—ha ! ha ! my men !
He'd look rather sharp, would Tommy, then.

So what did a lot of us do but join
And persuade this Tommy that Nelly Quine
Was desperate in love with him there—
And, " Spake to her, Tommy ! spake to her !
Spake to her, for all ! " we said ;
" Yes, dyin' in love ! " And he hung the head
Like a clout, poor chap ! But we stuck to him still—
And " If you'll not spake, there's others that will,"
Says one of the imps. And how she'd be blusheen'
When they'd tell her the bad that Tommy was wushin'
To be her sweetheart, but afraid to make free.
" And listen, Tommy ! the plased she'll be ! "
Says the imp. Then Tommy looked up, but slow,
And the big blue eyes began to blow
Like—" Bladders " was it I was sayin' ?

" Rumberellas ? " Try again.
" Bubbles," was it ? What d'ye call—
" Blow'n," I said. Just aisy all !
" Blow'n," of coarse ; and the bigger the lies
The wider Tommy was spreadin' the eyes.
She said you were handsome ; she said you were smart ;
She said she was almost breakin' her heart ;
" She called you a duck ; " " She called you a dove ; "
" She called you her darlin', darlin' love ; "
And the tasty dressed, she said she never ;
And the splendid trousis he had however ;
And the way they were stitched, and the beautiful gimp,
" She didn' ! " says I. " She did ! " says the imp :
And, " Buck up, Tommy, and bring her a present."
These imps is terrible onpleasant.

T. E. BROWN

VI
EDUCATION

FROM CHINA

Men at their birth are by nature radically good :
Though alike in this, in practice they widely diverge.
If not educated, the natural character grows worse :
A course of education is made valuable by close attention.
Of old, Mencius' mother selected a residence,
And when her son did not learn, cut out the (half-wove) web.
To nurture and not educate is a father's error :
To educate without rigour shows a teacher's indolence.
That boys should not learn is an unjust thing :
For if they do not learn in youth, what will they do when old ?
As gems unwrought serve no useful end,
So men untaught will never know what right conduct is.

ANONYMOUS (From an ancient Chinese Primer)

WISDOM FOR CHILDREN

From "The Whole Duty of a Child"

In Bodleian MSS., signed "Symon"—perhaps Symon Simeon, contemporary and friend of William of Worcester. It is printed by the Early English Text Society in the "Babees Book."

All manner children, ye listen and lear
A lesson of wisdom that is writ here ;
My child, I rede thee be wise and take heed of this rhyme !
Old men in proverb said by old time,
A child were better to be unborn
Than be untaught and so be lorn.
The child that hath his will alway
Shall thrive late, I thee will say ;
And therefore every good man's child
That is too wanton and too wild,
Learn well this lesson for certain,
That thou may be the better man.

And, child, rise betimes and go to school,
And fare not as a wanton fool,
And learn as fast as thou may and can,
For our bishop is an old man ;

And therefore thou must learn fast
If thou wouldest be bishop when he is past.
Child, I bid thee on my blessing,
That thou forget not this for no thing ;
But thou look, hold it well on thy mind,
For the best thou shalt it find ;
For as the wise man saith and proveth,
A leve child, lore he behoveth.
And as men say that be leared,
He hateth the child that spareth the yerde
And, as the wise man saith in his book
Of proverbs and wisdoms,—who will look,—
“ As a sharp spur maketh a horse to run
Under a man that should war win,
Right so a yerde may make a child
To learn his lesson and to be mild.”
So, children, here may ye all learn and see,
How all children chastised should be ;
And therefore, children, look that ye do well,
And no hard beating shall ye befall ;
Thus may ye all be right good men.
God grant you grace so to preserve you. Amen !

SYMON

THE SCHOOLE-MAISTER TO HIS SCHOLERS

From “ The English Schoolmaster ”

My child and scholer, take good heed,
unto the words which here are set :
And see you do accordingly,
or els be sure you shall be beat.

First, I command thee God to serve ;
then to thy parents dutie yield ;
Unto all men be curteous,
and mannerly in towne and field.

Your cloathes unbuttoned do not use,
let not your hose ungartered be ;
Have handkerchiefe in readines,
wash hands and face, or see not me.

Lose not your books, inkhorne, nor pen,
nor girdle, garters, hat, nor band :
Let shoes be tied, pin shirtband close,
keepe well your poynts at any hand.

If broken-hosed or shooed you goe
or slovenly in your array :
Without a girdle, or untrust,
then you and I must make a fray.

If that you crie, or talke aloud,
or booke do rend, or strike with knife,
Or laugh, or play unlawfully,
then you and I must be at strife.

If that you curse, miscall, or sweare,
if that you pick, filch, steal, or lie ;
If you forget a scholers part,
then must you sure your poyntz untie.

If to the schoole you do not goe,
when time doth call you to the same,
Or if you loyter in the streetes,
when we do meet, then look for blame.

Wherfore (my child) behave thyselfe
so decently at all assaies,
That thou maist purchase parents love,
and eke obtaine thy maisters praise.

EDMUND COOTE (c. 1597)

THE FIRST SCHOOLS

From "The Last Trumpet" (1550)

First mark wherfore schooles were erecte,
And what the founders did intend,
And then do thou thy study directe
For to attaine unto that end.

Doubtless this was al their meaning,
To have their countrie furnished
With all poyntes of honest lernynge,
Whereof the public weal had nede.

Se thou do not thy mynde so set
On any kynde of exercise
That it be either stay or let
To thy studye in ani wise.

ROBERT CROWLEY

PEDANTRY

From "The Dunciad," Book IV

Pope, shut out from a public school education himself, here sets the genii of the schools in attendance upon the Goddess of Dullness. He seems to be thinking of Busby of Westminster and Udall of Westminster and Eton.

Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press,
Each eager to present the first address.
Dunce scorning dunce beholds the first advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.
When lo ! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand ;
His beavered brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infants' blood and mothers' tears ;
O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs,
Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place :
The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus : Since man from beast by words is known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Placed at the door of learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath,
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er designed,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind :
A poet the first day he dips his quill ;
And what the last ? a very poet still.

ALEXANDER POPE

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

From "Don Juan," Canto II

O ye ! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals ; never mind the pain,
The best of mothers and of education,
In Juan's case were but employ'd in vain,
Since, in a way that's rather of the oddest, he
Became divested of his native modesty.

Had he been but placed at a public school,
In the third form, or even in the fourth,
His daily task had kept his fancy cool,
At least had he been nurtured in the north ;
Spain may prove an exception to this rule,
But then exceptions always prove its worth—
A lad of sixteen causing a divorce,
Puzzled his tutors very much, of course.

GEORGE GORDON (LORD BYRON)

CRITICISM

From "Tirocinium"

Cowper, sent very young to Westminster School, was unhappy there, and

prejudiced ever after. I charitably omit the worst of his criticisms, which are certainly not applicable to the Public Schools of to-day.

Public schools 'tis public folly feeds.
The slaves of custom and established made ;
With packhorse constancy we keep the road,
Crooked or straight, through crags or thorny dells,
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.
To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think,
And such an age as ours balks no expense ;
Except of caution and of common sense ;
Else sure, notorious fact and proof so plain,
Would turn our steps into a wiser train.
I blame not those who, with what care they can,
O'erwatch the numerous and unruly clan,
Or if I blame, 'tis only that they dare
Promise a work of which they must despair.
Have ye, ye sage intendants of the whole,
An ubiquarian presence and control,
Elisha's eye, that when Gehazi strayed,
Went with him, and saw all the game he played ?
Yes—ye are conscious, and on all the shelves
Your pupils struck upon, have struck yourselves.
Or if by nature sober, ye had then,
Boys as ye were, the gravity of men,
Ye knew at least, by constant proofs addressed
To ears and eyes, the vices of the rest.
But ye connive at what ye cannot cure,
And evils not to be endured, endure,
Lest power exerted, but without success,
Should make the little ye retain still less.
Ye once were justly famed for bringing forth
Undoubted scholarship and genuine worth,
And in the firmament of fame still shines
A glory bright as that of all the signs,
Of poets raised by you, and statesmen, and divines.
Peace to them all ! those brilliant times are fled,
And no such lights are kindling in their stead.

WILLIAM COWPER

A REPLY

From "The Reply to Cowper's 'Tirocinium'"

This, by a loyal son of Winchester, was a Medal Prize Poem in 1827.

Say, Muse, by what allurements wast thou won
To guide the pen of thy deluded son ?
How couldst thou bear to hear thy Cowper's verse
Arraign his earliest and his kindest nurse ?
Surely thou still regardest as thine own
Thy Warton's laurel and thy Busby's throne !

• • •
'Tis ours to boast that hence an Otway sprung,
A Ken, a Lowth, a Collins, and a Young.

Rail on, then, Sophists ! vent your feeble hate
Against these nurseries of our good and great,
Arraign the virtue of our Public Schools,
Call them the seats of sinners and of fools ;
If so, I deem it glorious to be one,
And proudly boast them I am Wykeham's son.

GEORGE COX

FLYCATCHERS

Sweet pretty fledgelings, perched on the rail arow,
Expectantly happy, where ye can watch below
Your parents a-hunting i' the meadow grasses
All the grey morning to feed you with flies.

Ye recall me a time sixty summers ago
When, a young chubby chap, I sat just so
With others on a school-form, rank'd in a row,
Not less eager and hungry than you, I trow,
With intelligence agape and eyes aglow,
While an authoritative old wise-acre
Stood over us, and from a desk fed us with flies.

Dead flies—such as litter the library south-window,
That buzzed at the panes until they fell stiff-backed on the sill,
Or are roll'd up asleep i' the blinds at sunrise,
Or wafer'd flat in a shrunken folio.

A dry biped he was, nurtured likewise
On skins and skeletons—stale from top to toe
With all manner of rubbish and all manner of flies.

ROBERT BRIDGES

COMPULSORY EDUCATION

From "The Excursion"

*Wordsworth and SouHEY give here a clear indication of the way the wind
was blowing in the early part of the nineteenth century.*

Oh, for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
While she exacts allegiance shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to teach
Them who are born to serve her and obey :
Binding herself by statute to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised—so that none
However destitute, be left to droop
By timely culture unsustained ; or run
Into a wild disorder ; or be forced
To drudge through weary life without the aid
Of intellectual implements and tools ;
A savage horde among the civilised,
A servile band among the lordly free !
This sacred right, the lisping babe proclaims
To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will,
For the protection of his innocence ;
And the rude boy,—who, having overpast
The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,

Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,
Or turns the god-like faculty of speech
To impious use—by process indirect
Declares his due, while he makes known his need.
This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
This universal plea in vain addressed,
To eyes and ears of parents who themselves
Did, in the time of their necessity,
Urge it in vain ; and therefore, like a prayer
That from the humblest roof ascends to Heaven,
It mounts to reach the State's parental ear ;
Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart,
And be not most unfeelingly devoid
Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
The unquestionable good ; which England, safe
From interference of external force,
May grant at leisure ; without risk incurred
That what in wisdom for herself she doth,
Others shall e'er be able to undo.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

STATE EDUCATION

From "The Lay of the Laureate"

A "Carmen Nuptiale" on the wedding of Princess Charlotte to the Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg in 1816.

" I plead for babes and sucklings," he began,
" Those who are now, and who are yet to be ;
I plead for all the surest hopes of man,
The vital welfare of humanity :
Oh ! let not bestial Ignorance maintain
Longer within the land her brutalizing reign."

" Is it then fitting that one soul should pine
For lack of culture in this favour'd land ?—
That spirits of capacity divine
Perish, like seeds upon the desert sand ?—

That needful knowledge in this age of light
Should not by birth be every Briton's right ?

“ Little can private zeal effect alone ;
The State must this state-malady redress !
For as of all the ways of life, but one—
The path of duty, leads to happiness,
So in their duty States must find at length
Their welfare, and their safety, and their strength.

“ This the first duty, carefully to train
The children in the way that they should go.
Then of the family of guilt and pain
How large a part were banish'd from below !
How should the people love with surest cause
Their country, and revere her venerable laws ! ”

He ceased, and sudden from some unseen throng
A choral peal arose and shook the hall ;
As when ten thousand children with their song
Fill the resounding temple of Saint Paul ;—
Scarce can the heart their powerful tones sustain ;—
“ Save, or we perish ! ” was the thrilling strain.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

EDUCATION

From “ Spring ”

Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

JAMES THOMSON

A WAIF

Ragged and starved, with shifting look, and eyes
Too old for childhood, and too dull for joy,
How shall you guess, thro' this forlorn disguise,
The Man you hope for, in this hopeless Boy ?

*There is no heart so cold that may be warmed ;
And—by the grace of God—can be transformed.*

AUSTIN DOBSON

THE RAGGED SCHOOL

From " A Song for the Ragged Schools of London "

Can we smooth down the bright hair,
O my sisters, calm, unthrilled in
Our heart's pulses ? Can we bear
The sweet looks of our own children,

While those others, lean and small,
Scurf and mildew of the city,
Spot our streets, convict us all
Till we take them into pity ?

•
If no better can be done,
Let us do but this—endeavour
That the sun behind the sun
Shine upon them while they shiver !

On the dismal London flags,
Through the cruel social juggle,
Put a thought beneath their rags
To ennable the heart's struggle.

O my sisters ! not so much
Are we asked for—not a blossom
From our children's nosegay, such
As we gave it from our bosom,

Not the milk left in their cup,
Not the lamp while they are sleeping,
Not the little cloak hung up
While the coat's in daily keeping ;

But a place in RAGGED SCHOOLS,
Where the outcasts may to-morrow
Learn by gentle words and rules
Just the uses of their sorrow.

O my sisters ! children small,
Blue-eyed, wailing through the city—
Our own babes cry in them all
Let us take them into pity !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

THE SOULS OF THE CHILDREN

" Who bids for the little children,—
Body and soul and brain ?
Who bids for the little children,—
Young, and without a stain ?
Will no one bid," said England,
" For their souls so pure and white,
And fit for all good or evil,
The world on their page may write ? "

" We bid," said Pest and Famine,
" We bid for life and limb ;
Fever and pain and squalor
Their bright young eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
Where none may hear their moan."

" I bid," said Beggary, howling,
" I bid for them, one and all !
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—
To lie, to skulk, to crawl !

They shall sleep in my lair like maggots,
They shall rot in the fair sunshine ;
And if they serve my purpose,
I hope they'll answer thine."

" And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime with a wolfish grin,
" For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the Law to slay.

•

" I, and the Law, and Justice,
Shall thwart each other still ;
And hearts shall break to see it ;—
And innocent blood shall spill !
So leave—oh, leave the children
To Ignorance and Woe—
And I'll come in and teach them
The way that they should go."

" Oh, shame ! " said true Religion,
" Oh, shame that this should be !
I'll take the little children,
I'll take them all to me :
I'll raise them up with kindness
From the mire in which they're trod ;
I'll teach them words of blessing,
I'll lead them up to God."

" You're *not* the true Religion,"
Said a Sect with flashing eyes ;
" Nor thou," said another scowling,
" Thou'rt heresy and lies."
" You shall not have the children,"
Said a third with shout and yell ;
" You're Antichrist and bigot—
You'd train them up for hell."

And England, sorely puzzled
To see such battle strong,
Exclaimed, with voice of pity,
 “ Oh, friends, you do me wrong !
Oh, cease your bitter wrangling ;
 For, till you all agree,
I fear the little children
 Will plague both you and me.”

But all refused to listen ;
 Quoth they—“ We bide our time ” ;
And the bidders seized the children—
 Beggary, Filth, and Crime ;
And the prisons teemed with victims,
 And the gallows rocked on high ;
And the thick abomination
 Spread reeking to the sky.

CHARLES MACKAY

PAYMENT BY RESULTS

From “ Terence Macran’s Hedge-School ”

But they’ve grand regulatin’ these times of the lessons down here
in the schools,
An’ they’ve settled a plan to percaive if the taichers is keepin’ the
rules ;
That’s the raison a gintleman comes from the College aich twelve-
month or so,
Wid the heighth of all manner of learnin’ to see what the school
childher know.
And it’s thin there’s the great work whather ; you might think the
assizes was set,
An’ the young ones all standin’ their trial, to hear the quare questions
they’ll get.
An’ the way of it is : for aich scholar who’ll out wid the answirs
they want,
Somethin’s ped to the taicher, but sorra the bawbee for any that
can’t :

So if taichers thried harder to put the right answers in every brat's
head,
Divil thank them to do their endeavours, whin they find it's the way
to get ped.

JANE BARLOW

VITAI LAMPADA

From " Poems New and Old "

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote
" Play up ! play up ! and play the game ! "

The sand of the desert is sodden red—
Red with the wreck of a square that broke ;
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke,
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks :
" Play up ! play up ! and play the game ! "

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
" Play up ! play up ! and play the game ! "

HENRY NEWBOLT

A SCHOOL SONG

From "Stalky & Co."

"Let us now praise famous men"—
Men of little showing—
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Greater than their knowing !

Western wind and open surge
Took us from our mothers,
Flung us on a naked shore
(Twelve bleak houses by the shore !)
Seven summers by the shore !)
'Mid two hundred brothers.

There we met with famous men
Set in office o'er us ;
And they beat on us with rods—
Faithfully with many rods—
Daily beat on us with rods,
For the love they bore us !

Out of Egypt unto Troy—
Over Himalaya—
Far and sure our bands have gone—
Hy—Brazil or Babylon,
Islands of the Southern Run,
And cities of Cathaia !

And we all praise famous men—
Ancients of the College ;
For they taught us common sense—
Tried to teach us common sense—
Truth and God's Own Common Sense ;
Which is more than knowledge !

Each degree of Latitude
Strung about Creation
Seeth one or more of us
(Of one muster each of us),

Diligent in that he does,
Keen in his vocation.

This we learned from famous men,
Knowing not its uses,
When they showed, in daily work,
Man must finish off his work—
Right or wrong, his daily work—
And without excuses.

• • • • •

Wherfore praise we famous men
From whose bays we borrow—
They that put aside To-day—
All the joys of their To-day—
And with tail of their To-day
Bought for us To-morrow !

*Bless and praise we famous men—
Men of little showing—
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Great beyond their knowing !*

RUDYARD KIPLING

VII
PRAYER

HOLY THURSDAY

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
Came children walking two & two, in red, & blue, & green ;
Grey headed beadles walk'd before, with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames' waters flow.

O what a multitude they seem'd, these flowers of London town !
Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own.
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys & girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among.
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor ;
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

WILLIAM BLAKE

ANTHEM FOR CHILDREN OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

Seraphs ! around th' Eternal's seat who throng
With tuneful ecstasies of praise :
O ! teach our feeble tongues like yours the song
Of fervent gratitude to raise—
Like you, inspired with holy flame
To dwell on that Almighty name
Who bade the child of Woe no longer sigh
And joy in tears o'erspread the widow's eye.

Th' all-gracious Parent hears the wretch's prayer ;
The meek tear strongly pleads on high ;
Wan Resignation struggling with despair
The Lord beholds with pitying eye ;
Sees cheerless Want unpitied pine,
Disease on earth its head recline,
And bids Compassion seek the realms of woe
To heal the wounded, and to raise the low.

She comes ! she comes ! the meek-eyed Power I see
With liberal hand that loves to bless ;

The clouds of Sorrow at her presence flee ;
Rejoice ! rejoice ! ye Children of Distress !
The beams that play around her head
Thro' Want's dark vale their radiance spread :
The young uncultur'd mind imbibes the ray,
And Vice reluctant quits th' expected prey.

Cease, thou lorn mother ! cease thy wailings drear :
Ye babes ! the unconscious sob forego ;
Or let full Gratitude now prompt the tear
Which erst did Sorrow force to flow.
Unkindly cold and tempest shrill
In Life's morn oft the traveller chill,
But soon his path the sun of Love shall warm ;
And each glad scene look brighter for the storm !

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

SONG OF THE SCHOOL, ST. MARK'S, MORWENSTOW

This school was founded by the Rev. R. S. Hawker when Vicar of the parish. It is still in active being.

Sing to the Lord the children's hymn,
His gentle love declare,
Who bends amid the seraphim,
To hear the children's prayer.

He at a mother's breast was fed,
Though God's own Son was He ;
He learnt the first small words He said,
At a meek mother's knee.

He held us to His mighty breast,
The children of the earth ;
He lifted up His hands and blessed
The babes of human birth.

So shall He be to us our God,
Our Gracious Saviour too :
The scenes we tread, His footsteps trod,
The paths of youth He knew.

Lo ! from the stars His face will turn,
On us with glances mild :
The angels of His presence yearn
To bless the little Child.

Keep us, O Jesu Lord, for Thee,
That so, by Thy dear grace,
We, children of the font, may see
Our heavenly Father's face.

Sing to the Lord the children's hymn,
His tender love declare,
Who bends amid the seraphim,
To hear the children's prayer.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER

HYMN FOR BEGINNING OF TERM

No. 576 in "Hymns Ancient and Modern"

Lord, behold us with Thy blessing
Once again assembled here ;
Onward be our footsteps pressing
In Thy love, and faith, and fear ;
Still protect us
By Thy Presence ever near.

For Thy mercy we adore Thee,
For this rest upon our way ;
Lord, again we bow before Thee,
Speed our labours day by day ;
Mind and spirit
With Thy choicest gifts array.

Keep the spell of home affection
Still alive in every heart :
May its power, with mild direction,
Draw our love from self apart,
Till thy children
Feel that Thou their Father art.

Break temptation's fatal power,
Shielding all with guardian care,
Safe in every careless hour,
Safe from sloth and sensual snare ;
Thou, our Saviour,
Still our failing strength repair.

H. J. BUCKOLL

HYMN FOR END OF TERM

No. 577 in "Hymns Ancient and Modern"

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon all, their faults confessing ;
Time that's lost may all retrieve ;
May Thy children
Ne'er again Thy Spirit grieve.

Bless Thou all our days of leisure ;
Help us selfish lures to flee ;
Sanctify our every pleasure ;
Pure and blameless may it be ;
May our gladness
Draw us evermore to Thee.

By Thy kindly influence cherish
All the good we here have gain'd ;
May all taint of evil perish
By Thy mightier power restrain'd ;
Seek we ever
Knowledge pure and love unfeign'd.

Let Thy Father-hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more ;
May their seed-time past be yielding
Year by year a richer store ;
Those returning
Make more faithful than before.

H. J. BUCKOLL

PRAYERS

From "In a Garden"

God who created me
 Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
 To run, to ride, to swim :
Not when the sense is dim,
 But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember him :
 Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesu, King and Lord,
 Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with Thy sword,
 Swift and sharp and bright ;
Thee would I serve if I might ;
 And conquer if I can,
From day-dawn till night,
 Take the strength of a man.

Spirit of Love and Truth,
 Breathing in grosser clay,
The light and flame of youth,
 Delight of men in the fray,
Wisdom in strength's decay ;
 From pain, strife, wrong to be free,
This best gift I pray,
 Take my spirit to Thee.

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

THE TEACHER'S PRAYER

Help me, O God, to see the living truth
Behind the printed page, behind the maze
Of facts and words and dates that I must teach
To minds that blindly grope their way along,
Not knowing what they seek or how to learn.
Help me to see the truth—and pass it on.

Help me to see the beauty of the world
That lies about me in my daily round ;
Let not my heart be closed, my eyes be blind
To sunset glory or the light of stars.
Help me to see the beautiful and then
To open eyes that else would see it not.

Grant yet one prayer, O Teacher of us all !
That I may never make myself a god
Of method or routine, for all such gods
Crush countless souls in their relentless grasp.

MARGARET K. MOORE

FORGIVENESS

God gives his child upon his slate a sum—
 To find eternity in hours and years ;
With both sides covered, back the child doth come,
 His dim eyes swollen with shed and unshed tears ;
God smiles, wipes clean the upper side and nether,
 And says, “ Now, dear, we'll do the sum together ! ”

GEORGE MACDONALD

VIII
THE LIGHTER SIDE

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember,
The School where I was taught,
The little class-room, dark and drear,
With bitter mem'ries fraught.
The bell that woke us up at morn,
Too soon to start the day :
How oft I turned upon my bed
And wished it miles away !

I remember, I remember,
The school-books old and worn,
The Latin Primers and the Greek,
Dog-leaved, besmeared, and torn.
The study table over which
My brother once upset
A gallon jar of blue-black ink,
I never shall forget !

I remember, I remember,
The many pranks I played,
The canings that I always got,
The good resolves I made.
The hard-fought battles on the green
That brought me dire disgrace ;
Vainly I tried in school to hide
The bruises on my face !

I remember, I remember,
The day that I left school ;
It seemed to me that I was primed
With knowledge to the full.
Ah me, 'twas childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm rather more a dunce
Than when I was a boy !

A. L. HAYDON

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM ACADEMY

Hood's own early school. This piece closely resembles the "Retrospective Review," doubtless with the same school in mind.

Ah me ! those old familiar bounds !
That classic house, those classic grounds
 My pensive thought recalls !
What tender urchins now confine,
What little captives now repine,
 Within yon irksome walls ?

Ay, that's the very house ! I know
Its ugly windows, ten arow !
 Its chimneys in the rear !
And there's the iron rod so high,
That drew the thunder from the sky
 And turn'd our table-beer !

There I was birch'd, there I was bred !
There like a little Adam fed
 From Learning's woeful tree !
The weary tasks I used to con !—
The hopeless leaves I wept upon !—
 Most fruitless leaves to me !—

The summoned class !—the awful bow !—
I wonder who is master now
 And wholesome anguish sheds !
How many ushers now employs,
How many maids to see the boys
 Have nothing in their heads !

And Mrs. S. . . . ?—Doth she abet
(Like Pallas in the parlour) yet
 Some favour'd two or three,—
The little Crichtons of the hour,
Her muffin-medals that devour,
 And swill her prize—bohea ?

Ay, there's the playground ! there's the lime,
Beneath whose shade in summer time
 So wildly I have read !—

Who sits there *now*, and skims the cream
Of young Romance, and weaves a dream
 Of Love and Cottage-bread ?

Lo ! where they scramble forth, and shout,
And leap, and skip, and mob about,
 At play where we have play'd !
Some hop, some run, (some fall,) some twine
Their crony arms ; some in the shine,
 And some are in the shade.

• • •
Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,
And wish *their* frugal sires would keep
 Their only sons at home ;—
Some tease the future tense, and plan
The full-grown doings of the man,
 And pant for years to come !

A foolish wish ! There's one at hoop ;
And four at *fives* ! and five who stoop
 The marble taw to speed !
And one that curvets in and out,
Reining his fellow Cob about,
 Would I were in his *steed* !

Yet he would gladly halt and drop
That boyish harness off, to swop
 With this world's heavy van—
To toil, to tug. O little fool !
Whilst thou canst be a horse at school
 To wish to be a man !

• • •
Thy taws are brave !—thy tops are rare !
Our tops are spun with coils of care,
 Our dumps are no delight !
The Elgin marbles are but tame,
And 'tis at best a sorry game
 To fly the Muse's kite !

Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
Our topmost joys fall dull and dead
 Like balls with no rebound !
And often with a faded eye
We look behind, and send a sigh
 Towards that merry ground.

Then be contented. Thou hast got
The most of heaven in thy young lot ;
 There's sky-blue in thy cup !
Thou'l find thy Manhood all too fast—
Soon come, soon gone ! and Age at last
 A sorry *breaking up* !

THOMAS HOOD

ODE ON A NEARER PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

BY A COLLEGER

The points of this will only be obvious to those who have sampled or heard of the joys of "Long Chamber." It is a very clever parody of Gray.

Ye chambers three, ye foul abodes,
 Which filth and bedsteads line,
Where every instant adds fresh loads
 To Cloacina's shrine ;
If gazing on your lofty brow,
Or if perchance the expanse below,
 One scene of dirt my eyes survey,
And many a spider drags along
Your window-shutter tops among
 His slowly winding way.

My former rooms—ah ! sorry change,
 A Dame, too, born to please,
Where once an Oppidan I ranged,
 A stranger yet to grease.
I know my gown when first it flow'd
An awkward majesty bestowed,

When waving fresh each woolly wing,
That worn-out elbows serv'd to hide,
Or else to hold unknown, unspied,
 A loaf or pudding in.

Say, almswomen (for you have seen
 Full many a college loaf,
Your perquisites that should have been,
 To *barracks* taken off),
Who foremost now delights to clear
With potent swigs a can of beer—
 Beer that the senses can't enthral :
Pint after pint you drink in vain,
Still sober you may drink again ;
 You can't get drunk in hall.

Strong guts are theirs by mutton fed.
 Less pleasing when posset,
Sheep roasted well-nigh 'fore they're dead,
 Loins, shoulders, necks, and breasts ;
There's knives and forks and plates but few—
Some white, some brown bread, seldom new,
 And swipes of malt and wormwood born,
Drunk the next day, made overnight
To make the rascals slumber light
 For " sapping " in the morn.

Alas ! the weekly stipends doom,
 Some little debt to pay ;
No chance have they of cash to come,
 Save on allowance day.
Ah ! show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the dunning band,
 None from the schoolyard dares to stray ;
Here Gilkes, Polehampton, Coker gape,
And Mother Carter looking sharp
 Observes each customer.

Lo ! the Carter's Chamber corps,
 A horrid troop are seen ;
The *barracks* ne'er had such before,
 No razors half so keen.

This sharps a fowl, this fetches bread,
This bites his nails, this scrubs his head,

These in some deeper schemes are hot ;
One *private* runs to fill a can,
Another takes the meat in hand,
And boils it in a pot.

To each his duty—all the men
The colonel's justice own ;
The meat's the major's ; for their pains
The *privates* gnaw the bones.

Yet, ah ! why should they wash their face,
Or why despise their happy case ?

If cleanliness such joy denies—
Soap might destroy their Paradise—
No more : where beastliness is bliss
'Tis folly to be nice.

ANONYMOUS (1798)

UPPER " HIGHER TOPS "

From " The Antipodes " (1633)

In Richard Brome's Antipodes, wives rule their husbands, servants their masters, and old men are sent to school by their children.

SCENE : *An Antipodean Home.*

A Son, servant, lady, and gentleman, natives of the land. An English traveller.

• • • • •

SERVANT (*to his young master*) : How well you saw
Your father to school to-day, knowing how apt
He is to play the truant !

SON : But is he not
Yet gone to school ?

SERVANT : Stand by and you shall see.
(Enter three old men with satchels.)

ALL THREE (*singing*) : " Domine, domine, duster :
Three knaves in a cluster."

SON : O this is gallant pastime. Nay, come on :
Is this your school ? Was that your lesson, ha ?

1ST OLD MAN : Pray now, good son, indeed, indeed—
SON : Indeed

You shall to school. Away with him ; and take
Their wagships with him, the whole cluster of 'em.

2ND OLD MAN : You shan't send us now, so you shan't—

3RD OLD MAN : We be none of your father, so we ben't——

Son : Away with 'em, I say ; and tell their schoolmistress

What truants they are, and bid her pay 'em soundly.

THREE : Oh, oh, oh !

ALL THREE : Oh, oh, oh !

LADY : Alas ! will nobody beg pardon for
The poor old boys ?

ENGLISH TRAVELLER: Do men of such fair years here go to school?

GENTLEMAN : They would die dunces else.

These were great scholars in their youth ; but when
Age grows upon men here, their learning wastes,
And so decays, that if they live until

Threescore, their sons send them to school again ;
They'd die as speechless else as newborn children.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER: 'Tis a wise nation; and the piety

Of the young men most rare, and commendable.

Yet give me, as a stranger, leave to beg

Their liberty this day.

SON: 'Tis granted.

Hold up your heads, and thank the gentleman,
Like scholars, with your heels now.

ALL THREE : " *Gratias, gratias, gratias.*"

(*Exceunt singing.*)

RICHARD BROME

THE SONG OF THE "KISH"

Oh, a "Kish"¹ may be dull and humble,

But you'll find it will serve you well;

Though sat on, it will not grumble;

Though squashed it will not rebel.

It's not a thing of beauty.

It does not flaunt its grace.

It does not flaunt its grace,
But it's true to its humble duty.

It's true to its humble duty,
And proud of its humble place.

¹ "Kish": The cushion carried about by Marlborough boys.

In a world of pain and trouble
It's true to the very end :
When all around is the hard cold ground,
Oh ! a " Kish " is the " barns " ¹ best friend.

It will carry your goods and chattels—
(Your books or a loaf of bread),
It will help you to win your battles,
With a crash on the foeman's head.
It'll guard you against the splinter
That lurks in the College form ;
It'll keep out the draught in winter,
And give you a seat that's warm.

In a world of pain and trouble
It's true to the very end :
It'll keep you warm on the hard, cold form,
Oh ! a " Kish " is the " barns " best friend.

You can have it striped or chequered,
With hues that are rich and gay ;
You can grave on its heart the record
Of triumphs in field and fray.
And in days to come you will treasure
This trophy of yesteryear ;
It will gladden your heart with pleasure.
As it gladdened your person here.

In a world of pain and trouble,
It's true to the very end ;
When you've suffered blows from your hard, cold foes,
Oh ! a " Kish " is the " barns " best friend.

C. L. F. BOUGHEY

" BOLLY "

Mr. Boughrey kindly sends me the following glossary for the better understanding of Marlborough poetry :

" Bolly " : Pudding	" Sweat " : A run
" Burr " : A fight	" Browse " : A slack time
" Brew " : Feed	" Grieve " : A grievance
" Kish " : A cushion	" Snare " : A swindle
" Barns " : Trousers	" Tolly " : A cup or mug

¹ " Barns " : Trousers. (Apropos this: a distinguished preacher once giving a sermon at Marlborough was much puzzled by the ill-suppressed merriment of the boys. Not an Old Marlburian, he had inadvertently taken for his text Luke xii. 18.)

When little fat Jimmy first came to school
As a harum-scarum boy,
He devoted his life to " burring " and brew,
And everything gave him joy.
And he went to Hall with an appetite keen,
And a vision of food ahead ;
And he passed up his plate for a second " dip,"
As in jubilant words he said :—

" Oh ! Golly !
Look at College Bolly !
(Had again, young Wally ;
I've got more than you !)
Don't look so melancholy,
For a lump of good old Bolly
Keeps your inside warm and jolly,
Till it's time to brew."

But when he grew older and took his place
As a blood of the first degree,
He changed his opinion on lots of things ;
A superior soul was he.
And his mid-day fare he viewed with disdain ;
The idea of it bored him stiff ;
And he merely looked up from " The Autocar " ;
And observed with a scornful sniff :—

" Oh, Golly !
Awf'ly beastly jolly !
Same old College Bolly
In the same old glue !
It makes me melancholy
This everlasting Bolly :
Eating stodge like this is folly ;
It'll spoil your brew ! "

But now he's quite old, and his mind goes back
To those gay, irresponsible years,
To the days of " Kishes," and " Barns," and " Sweats,"
Of " Browses," and " Grieves," and " Snares " :
And at Christmastide, at the family feast,
When the pudding enters ablaze,

He smiles at his wife, and cries aloud,
In the language of by-gone days :—

“ Oh ! Molly !
What a jolly Bolly !
Fill me up a toly
With the mountain dew.
Oh doesn’t it look jolly
With its little sprig of holly ?
So, here’s to fun and folly
At our Christmas brew ! ”

C. L. F. BOUGHEY

GERMS

In the glorious spring-time, when skies are serene, it is
Rather the thing to write odes to the trees,
To rave of the beauties of nature’s amenities,
And wax dithyrambic in praise of the breeze.
But the thoughtless intrusions of hordes of bacteria
Move us to write on the very much drearier
Theme of infectious disease.

With the thunderbolt’s speed, and the blizzard’s asperity
Like the wolf on the fold or the hawk on the nest,
Comes the rash Measle with ruddy temerity,
Comes the proud Mump in his tumorous zest,
And filled with the fury of fiendish exuberance,
Brands us with spots or a grisly protuberance,
Just when we’re looking our best !

It’s hard on the young—and it makes them feel cynical—
Suddenly, ruthlessly laid by the heels,
Plied night and day with thermometers (clinical),
Fed on milk-puddings and menthol pastilles,
And forced to imbibe with reluctant obedience
Mixtures of vile pharmaceutic ingredients,
“ Three times a day after meals.”

And it's equally trying for elderly dignity,
When a master may find the bald spot on his pate
Sprinkled with red by the microbe's malignity,
And his eyes in a painfully lachrymose state ;
Or a cleric may wake with his archidiaconal
Visage resembling a bloated old bacchanal,
Fresh from a bibulous fete.

Still, though they launch the insidious germ at us,
Mild epidemics aren't wholly a curse ;
And they hardly affect our serene pachydermatous
Course of existence with anything worse
Than a slight irritation of quite a small area,
Exile from work, and—some very inferior
Stanzas of amateur verse.

C. L. F. BOUGHEY

ON BEING LATE FOR CHAPEL

On the tower of chapel lingers
All the glow of evening light,
And the twilight's drowsy fingers
Warn us of approaching night.

While outside the bats are wheeling,
As in verse they always will,
And the pale-rimmed moon is stealing
Gradually above the Hill.

Pealing anthems down the fretted
Vault resound the note of praise.
(For this last I am indebted
To an Elegy of Gray's)

Now do Betsy, Jane, and Sally
Don their latest Sunday hat,
Now, along the lonely alley
Prowls the melancholy cat.

Now the twinkling stars incite to
Wonder Dr. Watts's mind.¹
Every crow has winged its flight to
Bed—and I am left behind.

I suppose that as I listen
To the organs " pealing " note,
In my eye a tear should glisten
And a lump come in my throat.

Then I should " restrain the rising
Sob," and sadly turn away,
As in novels, moralising
On the evil of the day.

Yet, 'tis strange, the organ's thunder
Wakes no kindred chord in me ;
And the only thing I wonder
Is what length my lines will be.

J. L. CROMMELIN-BROWN

EPIGRAM ON DR. PARR

This clever and anonymous squib was found on Dr. Parr's desk when assistant master at Harrow, and when a wealthy widow was said to be setting her cap at him. It is attributed to Sheridan.

When Madam Eyre prefers her prayer,
Safe from the eyes of men,
'Tis this alone her lips make known,
" Parr—donnez moi ! Amen ! "

ANONYMOUS

¹ "Dr. Watts's mind": But "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" was by Anne Taylor. Mr. Crommelin-Brown sins in good company, however, for C. S. Calverley also writes :

" Ere the morn the East has crimsoned,
When the stars are twinkling there,
(As they did in Watts's Hymns, and
Made him wonder what they were)."

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD WITH HIS SON

O what harper could worthily harp it,
Mine Edward ! this wide-stretching wold
(Look out *wold*) with its wonderful carpet
Of emerald, purple, and gold !
Look well at it—also look sharp, it
Is getting so cold.

The purple is heather (*erica*) ;
The yellow, gorse—call'd sometimes “ whin ” ;
Cruel boys on its prickles might spike a
Green beetle as if on a pin.
You may roll in it, if you would like a
Few holes in your skin.

You wouldn't ? Then think of how kind you
Should be to the insects who crave
Your compassion—and then, look behind you
At yon barley-ears ! Don't they look brave
As they undulate—(*undulate*, mind you
From *unda*, a wave).

The noise of those sheep-bells, how faint it
Sounds here—(on account of our height).
And this hillock itself—who could paint it,
With its changes of shadow and light ?
Is it not—(never, Eddy, say “ ain't it ”)—
A marvellous sight ?

Then yon desolate eerie morasses,
The haunts of the snipe and the hern—
(I shall question the two upper classes
On *aquatiles*, when we return)—
Why, I see on them absolute masses
Of *filix* or fern.

How it interests e'en a beginner
(Or *tiro*) like dear little Ned !
Is he listening ? As I am a sinner
He's asleep—he is wagging his head.
Wake up ! I'll go home to my dinner,
And you to your bed.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

WHAT IS A SCHOOLMASTER ?

From " The Doctor's Apples "

What is a schoolmaster ? Why, can't you tell ?
A quizzical old man
Armed with a ratan ;
Wears a huge wig,
And struts about ;
Strives to look big,
With spectacles on snout,
And most important pout,
Who teaches little boys to read and spell.

Such my description is of a man,
If not a clergyman, a layman :—
So much by way of definition,
And, to prevent dull disquisition,
Will shortly take a new position.

A schoolmaster (it mostly follows)
Who keeps a school, must have some scholars,
Unless, indeed (which said at once is)
Instead of scholars, they are all dunces :
Or if this fancy more should tickle,
Suppose them mixed—like Indian pickle.

ANONYMOUS

A KINTRA SCHULEMAISTER'S FAREWEEL TAE THE RICHT SIDE O'
HIS BLACK COAT

Fareweel, my auld an' trusty frien',
Ye're no the day as ye hae been,
When ye were glossy, black an' sheen
As raven's wing ;
But at you noo ilk ane, I ween,
Maun hae his fling.

I've had you on at mony a rockin',
Where there was fiddlin', fun, and jokin',

An' nae a ane sat glum or croakin'
 Amid the thrang,
But ilk ane laid aside his mopin'
 For dance an' sang.

At kirk an' market, or the fair,
Feint a coat was brawer there ;
But noo ye're turnin' broon an' bare,
 An' wearin' thin,
So fare-ye-weel for evermair,
 I'll turn you in.

When first I wore you on my back,
I then could haud a twosome crack,
With that douce magnate, Bailie Black,
 Or Rich, the banker ;
Na—even the Provost kindly spak',
 Without a hanker.

• • • •
The Bailie gies a distant boo,
Nae cracks wi' Rich the banker noo ;
The Provost gies, with his pooh-pooh,
 The cut direct ;
But poortith may be noble, too,
 By self-respect.

If ance yer elbows are but clooted,
Or your coat turned, then ne'er dispute it,
Ye'll find yer credit sairly dootit
 By ane an' a',
An' maybe on the causey hooted—
 That's warst ava.

ANONYMOUS

THE SCHOOLMASTER (*log.*)

What can I do to the beast ?
He has held me to scorn :
All the rich wisdom released
This merciless morn,

*All that I sought to explain,
To infuse with deep strength,
Feeding and firing the brain
(And at no little length),
Striving, while making it clear,
Much impatience to smother, . . .
ALL . . . has gone in at one ear
And escaped by the other.*

G. D. MARTINEAU

ON MESSRS. C—— AND F——

These were the famous George Canning and his Eton schoolfellow Hookham Frere. They had incurred the enmity of Lamb, by their skits and remarks in "The Anti-Jacobin," upon his "Blank Verse," written in collaboration with his friend Lloyd.

*At Eton School brought up with dull boys,
We shone like men among the schoolboys ;
But since we in the world have been,
We are but schoolboys among men.*

CHARLES LAMB

SCHOOL POETS

Appleby Grammar School

The poetasters are unknown, and doubtless justified the clever parody

*Three Poetasters in one age were born,
And all at once did Appleby adorn ;
The first in penury of thought surpast
In rumbling cant the next, in both the last ;
The force of dullness could no farther go,
To make a third, she join'd the former two.*

WILLIAM PATTISON

GEMINI AND VIRGO

Some vast amount of years ago,
Ere all my youth had vanish'd from me,
A boy it was my lot to know,
Whom his familiar friends called Tommy.

I love to gaze upon a child ;
A young bud bursting into blossom ;
Artless as Eve yet unbeguiled,
And agile as a young opossum :

And such was he. A calm-brow'd lad,
Yet mad, at moments, as a hatter :
Why hatters as a race are mad
I never knew, nor does it matter.

He was what nurses call a " limb " ;
One of those small misguided creatures,
Who, tho' their intellects are dim,
Are one too many for their teachers.

And, if you asked of him to say
What twice 10 was, or 3 times 7,
He'd glance, (in quite a placid way)
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;

And smile, and look politely round,
To catch a casual suggestion ;
But make no effort to propound
Any solution of the question.

And so not much esteemed was he
Of the authorities ; and therefore
He fraternized by chance with me,
Needing a somebody to care for :

And three fair summers did we twain
Live (as they say) and love together ;
And bore by turns the wholesome cane
Till our young skins became as leather :

And carved our names on every desk,
And tore our clothes, and inked our collars ;
And looked unique and picturesque,
But not, it may be, noted scholars.

We did much as we chose to do ;
We'd never heard of Mrs. Grundy ;

All the theology we knew
Was that we mightn't play on Sunday ;

And all the general truths, that cakes
Were to be bought at four a penny,
And that excruciating aches
Resulted if we ate too many ;

And seeing ignorance is bliss,
And wisdom consequently folly,
The obvious result is this—
That our two lives were very jolly.

At last the separation came,
Real love, at that time, was the fashion ;
And by a horrid chance, the same
Young thing was, to us both, a passion.

Old POSER snorted like a horse :
His feet were large, his hands were pimply,
His manner, when excited, coarse ;—
But Miss P. was an angel simply.

She was a blushing, gushing thing ;
All—more than all—my fancy painted ;
Once—when she helped me to a wing
Of goose—I thought I should have fainted.

The people said that she was blue :
But I was green, and loved her dearly.
She was approaching thirty-two ;
And I was then eleven, nearly.

I did not love as others do ;
(None ever did that I've heard tell of ;)
My passion was a byword through
The town she was, of course, the belle of.

Oh sweet—as to the toilworn man
The far-off sound of rippling river ;
As to cadets in Hindostan
The fleeting remnant of their liver—

To me was ANNA ; dear as gold
That fills the miser's sunless coffers ;
As to the spinster, growing old,
The thought—the dream—that she had offers.

I'd sent her little gifts of fruit ;
I'd written lines to her as Venus ;
I'd sworn unflinchingly to shoot
The man who dared to come between us :

And it was you, my Thomas, you,
The friend in whom my soul confided,
Who dared to gaze on her—to do,
I may say, much the same as I did.

One night, I *saw* him squeeze her hand ;
There was no doubt about the matter ;
I said he must resign, or stand
My vengeance—and he chose the latter.

We met, we “ planted ” blows on blows :
We fought as long as we were able :
My rival had a bottle-nose,
And both my speaking eyes were sable.

When the school-bell cut short our strife,
Miss P. gave both of us a plaster ;
And in a week became the wife
Of Horace Nibbs, the writing-master.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

A PORTRAIT

I look as if I'm working hard.
At least I *hope* I do :
I have to keep one eye on guard,
Since Art, in Prep., is strictly barred,
And, if old Marty knew,
That I had sketched his features in
With such a perfect touch,

Displaying where his hair grows thin,
I say—if he observed my sin,
I wouldn't like it much.

It's not that I can really draw,
Or that I want to try ;
In fact I hardly care a straw
For Art that does not break the law
Beneath a master's eye.
Each time his glance comes roving round
I grow intent and brisk.
I scowl and give a worried sound . . .
One likes to think it *might* be found ;
The thought is worth the risk !

G. D. MARTINEAU

EPITAPH ON A SCHOOLMASTER

Willie Michie was schoolmaster of Cleish, in Fifeshire.

Here lie Willie Michie's banes :
O Satan ! when ye tak' him,
Gi'e him the schoolin' o' your weans,
For clever de'il he'll mak' 'em !

ROBERT BURNS

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